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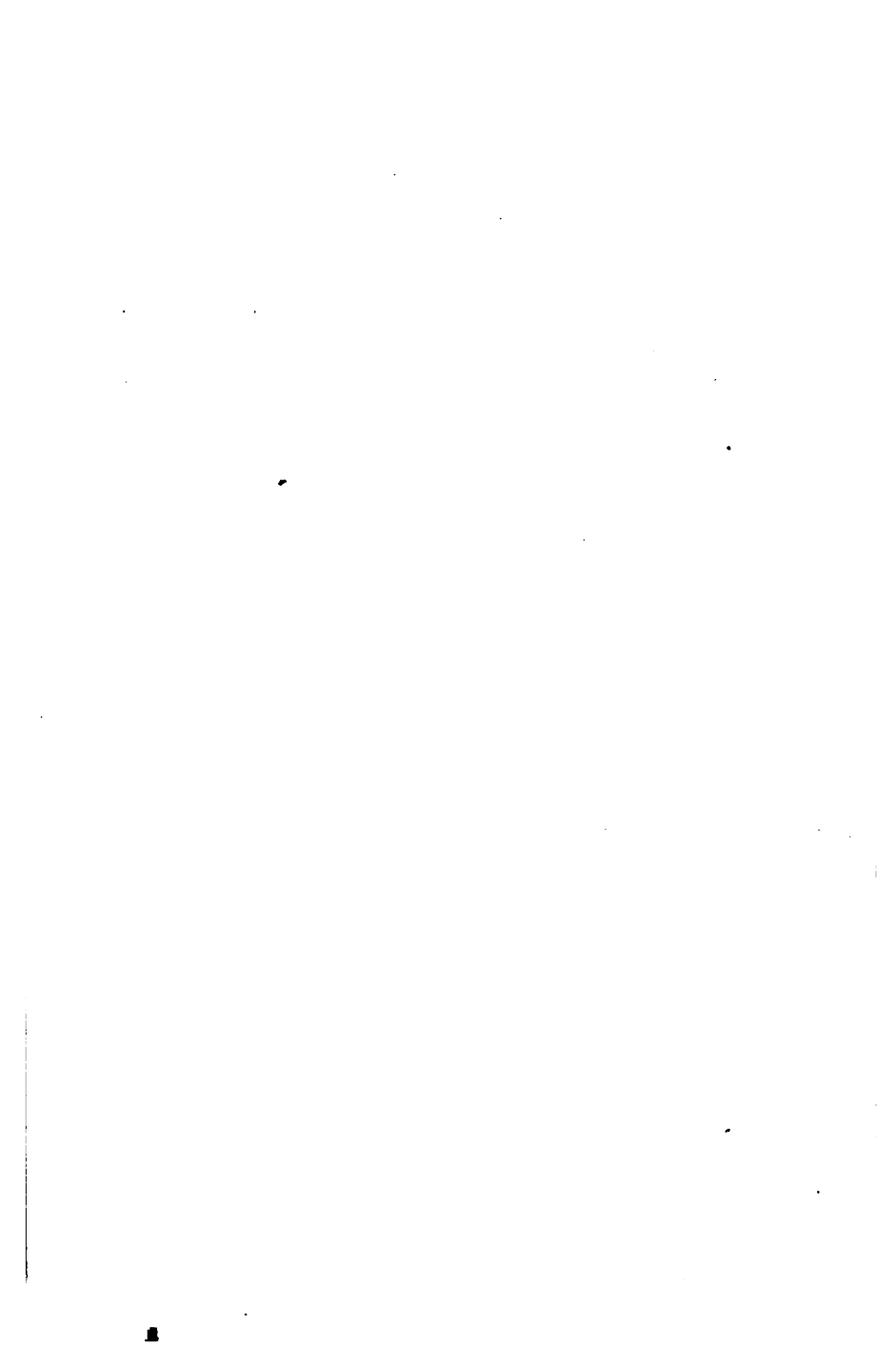


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STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

BY

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WINCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS**

**AUTHOR OF "FIFTY-TWO STORY TALKS TO BOYS AND
GIRLS," AND "FIFTY-TWO MORE STORY TALKS
TO BOYS AND GIRLS"**



NEW YORK

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TO
THE CHILDREN OF THE
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
WINCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS
THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED



PREFACE

This book of sermons to children is the result of ten years' work in preaching to boys and girls. The talks in this book, as in the two previous volumes by the author "Fifty-two Story Talks to Boys and Girls" and "Fifty-two more Story Talks to Boys and Girls" have stood the test of pulpit use.

The writer hopes that in this form these sermons may find the same response as they did when first preached.

HOWARD J. CHIDLEY.

Winchester, Massachusetts.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
I THE FAIRY BOOK	15
II THE PICTURE IN THE ATTIC	19
III THE TWILIGHT EXPRESS	22
IV THE SHEEP KILLER	24
V KEEP OFF THIS SEAT	26
VI IN THE BEGINNING GOD	28
VII ALL FOOLS' DAY	30
VIII SURPRISE TESTS	33
IX THE SO-QUICK CLUB	36
X THE PICTURE OF A SOUL	39
XI THE LOST CHILD	42
XII THE WOODCHUCK	44
XIII STREET-CAR CHURCHES	47
XIV THE BOY AND THE POSSUM	49
XV CONFIRMED FARES	52
XVI WOODEN OATHS	55
XVII THE SUN-SHINE HOUSE	58

CONTENTS

	PAGE
XVIII THE SCARECROW	61
XIX THE WIND SHIELD	65
XX THE BRAKE	68
XXI THE HOOD	71
XXII EVERYBODY'S BOAT	74
XXIII POLICING THE CAMP!	78
XXIV THE CHINA EGG	81
XXV HOW THE JELLY-FISH CAME TO BE	83
XXVI SLIGHTLY SOILED, GREATLY RE- DUCED	86
XXVII THE SMOTHERED PARTRIDGE . .	89
XXVIII MR. TOIL	92
XXIX WISHING VALLEY	96
XXX WHAT TRIPPED THE BOY . . .	99
XXXI EVERYBODY'S BIRTHDAY . . .	101
XXXII FOLLOW YOUR LEADER	103
XXXIII PRIVATE WAY, DANGEROUS . .	105
XXXIV THE GREEDY MAN	108
XXXV "DUMP NO RUBBISH HERE" . .	112
XXXVI THE SALUTE	115
XXXVII GOLDFISHES AND TADPOLES . .	118
XXXVIII CRANKS AND SELF-STARTERS .	121
XXXIX PINCH HITTERS	123

CONTENTS

	PAGE
XL THE BOY AND THE BIRD . . .	126
XLI THE BABY ZEBRA . . .	129
XLII THE DREAM BOY . . .	132
XLIII NO SURRENDER! . . .	134
XLIV THE WAY OF THE CROSS . . .	138
XLV THE COMPLAINT DESK . . .	141
XLVI HIS MASTER'S VOICE . . .	144
XLVII THE AMERICAN EAGLE . . .	147
XLVIII COPY-CAT! . . .	150
XLIX MR. FACING BOTHWAYS . . .	154
L THE GIFT . . .	157
LI GOD'S SERVICE FLAG . . .	160
LII SANTA CLAUS' FAVORITE . . .	162



STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

I

THE FAIRY BOOK

It was New Year's Day, and into the nursery where Robert and William were playing came a fairy. The children stopped playing at once when they saw the beautiful vision in white and gold. In her hand she had two packages done up in white tissue paper with red and green ribbon and golden seals. It was just like Santa Claus coming all over again, and they were very much excited. They wondered what was in the packages.

Then suddenly a look of recognition flashed over Robert's face, and he said, "Why, aren't you the fairy who came last New Year's Day and left the books for William and me?"

"Of course I am," said the fairy, "and I'm very happy to think that you recognized me,

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

for I have come from Father Time to take back those books that I gave you a year ago today."

"But," said William, "I haven't got mine written full yet. Really, I haven't thought very much about it for ever so long and I'd like to keep it a little longer so as to fill it up."

"Sorry," said the fairy, "but Father Time can't wait. He has to pack the books up in his library, in the land of Yesterday."

"But can't I just look at what the pages are like before you take my book away?" said Robert. "Every time a page turned over in my book it got stuck down and I never could turn back to see what I had written. And some days I didn't write anything at all."

"Oh, yes, you did," said the fairy, "there isn't a blank page in the whole book. And now as a special favor, I will turn some of the pages and let you see what you have written."

The first page had a picture of a bird sitting in a beautiful tree with its throat wide open, singing as if its soul would burst its

THE FAIRY BOOK

bounds. "Why, I didn't do that picture," said Robert. "Oh, yes, you did," said the fairy. "You did that the day you let the baby have your ball, although you wanted to take it with you up into the nursery to play."

The next page had a very large red blot on it and the whole page was very untidy and smeared up. "I'm sure I didn't do that," said Robert, "for I have no red ink or crayon." "Oh, yes, you did," said the fairy, "that red blot is what we fairies call an anger-patch. You put that there when you fought with William over the skates."

The next picture was that of a beautiful landscape through which there flowed a wonderful river with trees on its banks. "Oh, what a beautiful picture," exclaimed William. "Robert couldn't make a picture like that." "Oh, yes, he could," replied the fairy; "he did that picture the day your mother was sick and you were away at Grandmother's and he took care of the baby all the afternoon to give Mother a rest."

"And now, I must be going," said the

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

fairy, "for I know Father Time is getting anxious for the books. Here is a present for each of you, and good luck for the New Year." So saying she vanished, taking the books with her.

The boys stood looking at each other speechless with amazement. Then they slowly undid the packages. In each was a book with three hundred and sixty-five blank pages waiting for the records of the New Year.

"Let's try to make every page a beautiful picture this year," said Robert. "Let's," said William.

II

THE PICTURE IN THE ATTIC

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who lived in a large farmhouse away out in the country. This little girl's mother used to peel and slice up a great many apples in the fall and hang them on long strings to dry in the attic until they became dried apples.

Now this little girl was very fond of dried apples. But her mother did not wish her to have them and forbade her to take them when she went into the attic to play. The child would walk all round amongst the strings, touching them and smelling them, but she didn't take any of them. And why do you suppose she didn't take them? It was because there was a picture of an old man hanging on the attic wall, and his eyes used to follow the little girl around. Wherever she went among the apples his gaze kept following her. When she was tempted to pull a slice of apple

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

off the string and eat it, she would look at him, and his eyes would stop her.

This made the little girl very unhappy and also cross with the old man in the picture. She thought she could take the apples very easily if only he were not looking at her. So what do you suppose she did? She went up to the picture the next day when she came up to the attic and scratched out the old man's eyes! Then she went ahead and took the apples.

But when her mother came up and found what she had done she took the little girl on her knee, and told her about the other eyes that were watching her besides those in the picture, eyes that could see everywhere and knew what each child was doing whether in a cellar or in an attic. These were the eyes of God.

"And can't I scratch out God's eyes?" asked the little girl. "No," replied her mother, "some people think they can and they have tried it and thought they had done it. But they have only scratched out their own foolish eyes so that they couldn't see God."

THE PICTURE IN THE ATTIC

"What do you mean by that, mamma?" asked the little girl. "I mean by that," said the mother, "that we have eyes in our souls as well as in our heads, and when we do wrong these eyes grow dim, and cannot see so clearly what is right and what is wrong. Some people do wrong so often that they are blind within, and then they think God also cannot see the difference between right and wrong. That was the mistake you made in scratching out the eyes of the picture. You wouldn't have been troubled with those eyes if it hadn't been for the eyes within you that saw you were doing wrong."

And then she added, "Remember, my daughter, God's eyes are following you wherever you go. Live always as if you could see Him looking at you and you will never go far astray."

III

THE TWILIGHT EXPRESS

EVERY evening at twilight there is a wonderful train which leaves town with little boys and girls. It is called The Twilight Express.

A strange thing about this train is that you don't have to go to the station to take it. It starts right from your bedside. It starts just as soon as you fall asleep. The Sandman is the engineer, and the conductor's name is Love. The conductor is a woman. You don't have to have a ticket to get on this train. The conductor looks into your eyes when you go to get aboard, and if you have been a naughty or selfish child through the day you cannot ride that night on The Twilight Express. But all good little girls and boys are taken by the train to what grown-ups call The Land of Never Was, but which children call The Land of Dreams. When you get out there the Sandman makes a picnic for you and all your kind

THE TWILIGHT EXPRESS

thoughts and good deeds have turned into fairies and are there to play with you. There is never any quarreling out there, for the Twilight Express takes only good boys and girls to The Land of Dreams. If a child should quarrel it would spoil it all. Another strange thing about this train is that it always gets back to your bedside just before you wake up in the morning.

I know that all the little boys and girls here want to ride on The Twilight Express each night, and I hope that when they are going to be naughty or selfish they will stop and remember that none but good children are taken by the Sandman on his train to the Land of Dreams.

IV

THE SHEEP KILLER

THERE was a story in the paper the other day about some dogs up in New Hampshire that had killed one hundred and twenty-three sheep in one night. That seems like a very strange thing for dogs to do. For dogs are supposed to protect sheep, and to keep away other animals that would hurt the flock. If it had been wolves or bears that had killed the sheep we should not have thought so much of it.

Were all these dogs bad dogs? No, not at first. It seems that they had all been good faithful watch-dogs with the exception of one dog, which was a sheep-killer. He taught the other dogs the trick of sheep-killing. In other words, it was bad company that did the trick. The farmers shot all the dogs which had killed sheep. They didn't ask where they got the habit.

There is an old proverb which says, "If you

THE SHEEP KILLER

run with wolves you'll learn to howl." The Bible says, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Both these sayings mean that you grow to be like the company you keep. If a dog runs with a sheep-killer he will become a sheep-killer. If a boy runs with a boy that swears he'll learn to swear. If a girl runs with a girl that uses slang she'll use slang.

Of course children do not see this. They wonder why their parents will not let them play with certain boys or girls. The parents are thinking about evil communications. They want you to be a sweet, wholesome, mannerly child, and they don't want your manners spoiled. People grow to look alike, to think alike and to talk alike when they have lived together for a long time. If you don't want to be like the child you are going with you had better keep away from him. If you don't want to be a sheep-killer keep away from sheep-killers. Evil communications corrupt good manners.

V

KEEP OFF THIS SEAT

I NOTICED when I was walking in the park the other day that the benches had all been freshly painted, and on each of them was hung a cardboard sign which read "*Keep Off This Seat.*" It set me thinking, and where do you suppose I found myself? It was away back in the Old Testament in front of a sign that God put up before the children of Israel, and this sign also read "*Keep Off This Seat.*" I wonder if any of the boys and girls can tell me where the sign can be found in the Old Testament?

Look in the first Psalm, first verse, and what do you find: "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." There you have it, "nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." And so when we are tempted to sit in the seat of the

KEEP OFF THIS SEAT

scornful up comes this sign from God, "*Keep Off This Seat.*"

But what did God mean by scornful people? I think He meant people who make fun of religion. A boy or girl who pokes fun at another because he obeys his conscience is sitting in the seat of the scornful. A boy or girl who makes light of Sunday School or Church, or the Lord's Day, is sitting in the seat of the scornful.

And God tells us how a person gets there. First he walks with the ungodly. That is, he goes with other people who make light of God. Then he stands where sinners can find him, and begins to chum with them. Finally, he settles down in a seat to scoff at prayer, God, the Bible, the Church, the Sunday School, in fact at anything that has to do with religion. He is in the seat of the scornful. And so God has put up His placard for boys and girls to read. He says: "*Keep Off This Seat.*" Don't sit with the scornful.

VI

IN THE BEGINNING GOD

I WONDER how many boys and girls can tell where I got the text of my Children's Sermon today? "In the beginning God." Do you know where that comes from? I hear someone say, "Why, that's the first sentence in the Bible." That's correct. The Bible starts off right, for it puts God in the first sentence. And the fine thing about the Bible is that it teaches us to put God first in everything.

That is a hard thing for some people to do. They want to put themselves first. When their conscience tells them what God wants them to do they just wilfully do what will please themselves, not God. A great many people are unhappy because they put themselves first. They are selfish, and selfish people are unhappy people.

I once heard of a man who had as his motto "Third for Mine." By that he meant

IN THE BEGINNING GOD

that God was to be first with him, his friends next, and himself last. He said, God first, the other fellow next, third for mine. That is putting things in the right order.

If you put yourself before God it makes you a heathen. If you put yourself before your neighbor it makes you a self-centered person. But if you put God first and listen to Him, He will tell you the order in which things ought to go.

Jesus Christ showed how to put God first. He said, "My meat and drink is to do the will of Him that sent me." Jesus meant by that that he would rather obey God than do anything else in the world. At another time he said: "Not my will, but Thine, be done." It was because Jesus put God first that he was so happy and helpful.

"In the beginning God." That should be the motto of every boy and girl who expects to grow up into a happy, helpful, unselfish life. Listen first to what God says and try to please Him; put yourself third, and all will be well.

VII

ALL FOOLS' DAY

APRIL first is always a great day for boys and girls because they can play jokes on other people on that day and others are expected to take it good-naturedly. It is sometimes called April Fools' Day, but the spirit of it is just the same. We try to fool people on that day. I wonder if it ever occurred to you boys and girls that every day is All Fools' Day? We fool ourselves every day.

In the first place we fool ourselves about other people. We see a little boy or girl who lives in a poor house or wears poor clothes and we say, "Pooh, I guess they don't amount to much. I'm better than they are. I have better clothes and I live in a nicer house than they."

When a boy or girl says that about another child he is playing April fool on himself. For the house a child lives in doesn't make the

ALL FOOLS' DAY

child, nor do the clothes he wears. A very fine boy can live in a very poor house and a very fine girl can wear very plain clothes. On the other hand, a very mean boy can live in a very fine house and a very selfish girl can wear beautiful clothes. The Bible says, "Man looketh upon the outward appearance, but God looketh upon the heart." God does not judge boys and girls the way we do. God looks through their clothes. If a child's heart is good God thinks of that.

And then we play April fool with ourselves. A thing looks hard to do and we say, "Oh, I can't do that, I just know I can't!" And so, instead of trying to do it, we just keep thinking we can't. If we would only try, we could perhaps do it.

But the biggest All Fools' mistake the world ever made was when it misjudged Christ. The Jews were looking for a great Messiah to come. They expected him to set the people free and be a ruler over them. When they were told that Jesus was the Messiah, and they heard that his father was a carpenter and that he was poor and lived in a little village called

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

Nazareth, instead of being rich and living in a big city, they said he couldn't be the Messiah. So they crucified him on Calvary, although he was the Son of God.

When you boys and girls are tempted to judge things and people by the outside I want you to remember what happened when they did that with Christ.

VIII

SURPRISE TESTS

I WAS passing a schoolhouse a few days ago and saw the children come marching out. The gong was ringing, and I thought there must be a fire. A boy near by told me it was only a surprise test. He said that when the fire-gong rang the pupils did not know whether there was a real fire or not, but they marched out just as if there were.

They have these drills on board ocean liners, also. When the gong rings the men rush to the life-boats and go through their drill just as though there were real danger of the ship's sinking.

These surprise tests are held, I understand, so that if real trouble does come everyone will be ready without confusion.

And isn't that the way God is doing with boys and girls? We never can tell whether what we are doing is just a surprise test or a

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

real situation, so we act as if it were all real.

A boy in Washington heard a man inquiring for a Senator from California. This boy was a page for the House of Representatives and not for the Senate, but he offered to show the man where the senator was. The man afterward gave him a fine position for the courtesy. He didn't know that the real test had come. Another young man wrote a fine note of courtesy to a lawyer who had loaned him his umbrella. The lawyer liked the note so well that he sent for the young man, and afterward made him his partner in business. A man travelling on a train out west asked the conductor on his train what about the quality of the land in a section they were passing through. The conductor answered him as politely and intelligently as possible, and a few years later received a check of \$1,000.

A little boy by the name of Samuel used to work in the temple in Old Testament times. He opened and closed the doors and waited on Eli, the prophet. One night while he slept God called him, and he thought it was only Eli. What if he had said, "Oh, well, I'm sleepy,

SURPRISE TESTS

I guess I won't answer." But he got up, and God set him apart to be a prophet when he grew up.

Now I don't mean that you boys and girls are to do things expecting a reward for every kindness you do. But I want to impress upon you that you can't tell when the gong rings whether it's a real fire or a surprise test. You had better respond each time as if it meant business. Then bye and bye, some day when you least expect it, the real opportunity will come, as it did to Samuel,

IX

THE SO-QUICK CLUB

ALL the boys and girls in town belong to a club of some sort. I suppose you didn't know it. Nobody told you you had been elected to a club. You don't have to be elected to these clubs about which I shall tell you. One of them is The So-Quick Club. The other is The Slowpoke Club.

The members of the Slowpoke Club are very hard little folks to get along with. When they are called in the morning they want to lie in bed just a little longer. When at last they get up they poke along about getting their clothes on. They are generally late for breakfast unless you keep after them all the time. They just manage to get to school on the last gong, and when they go on the train they always have to run to catch it. The Slowpoke Club causes a great deal of trouble in town. It makes mothers cross and fathers angry. It

THE SO-QUICK CLUB

makes its members unhappy because it gets them into so much trouble.

The So-Quick Club is quite different. There are no dawdlers in it. No, sir! When its members are called in the morning they hop out of bed at once. They wash and dress as if their lives depended upon it, and get down to breakfast so promptly you would think they had been waiting for it all night. Their parents and teachers do not need to scold and nag them. Everything seems to slip along so easily and quietly with the So-Quick Club that you would think things were oiled.

The members of the Slowpoke Club are always having a hard time because they try to put things off until the last minute and so they have a great deal of time to dread their work. The So-Quick Club boys and girls get the disagreeable things over quickly and have time to play.

You wouldn't think that you would find members of the Slowpoke and So-Quick Clubs in the Bible, would you? You do. Jonah belonged to the Slowpoke Club. God told him to go and preach at Nineveh. Jonah didn't want to

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

go. He dawdled around, and finally ran away. He got on board a boat so as to get away from God. You know what happened to him. He was shipwrecked and had a great deal of other trouble, but he had to go to Nineveh just the same. He would have saved himself and God a great deal of trouble if he had gone at once. Isaiah belonged to the So-Quick Club. When God wanted someone to go and preach, he said, "Here am I, send me." That is always the motto of the So-Quick Club. The motto of the Slowpoke Club is "Wait awhile." If you want the love of God and men don't join the Slowpoke Club.

X

THE PICTURE OF A SOUL

WHEN you grow up you will hear a great deal about a man by the name of Robert Louis Stevenson. He was the man who wrote about the Lamplighter. He also wrote a poem which I am sure all the boys and girls here know:

"A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window-sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said,
'Aren't you shamed, you sleepy-head?'"

When he was a little boy he used to draw, like all little boys and girls. One day he drew the picture of a man. When he got it done he said: "Now, mother, shall I draw a picture of his soul?" His mother told him he might try. In a few minutes he came to her and said he couldn't draw a picture of the man's soul, for he had never seen it.

He was right. No one has ever seen an-

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

other person's soul. But, we are all drawing pictures of our souls every day so that people can tell what our souls are like just as if they had seen them.

Where do you suppose we are drawing these pictures of the soul? We draw them on our faces. When I see a little girl with the corners of her mouth drawn down and a pout on her face that makes her look like a thunder-cloud I know that inside her is a soul that is all cloudy and dull. And when I see a boy going down street with his eye bright and hear him whistling or singing I know that inside that boy is a soul that is shining like a sunny day in June.

We draw pictures of our souls with our voices, too. If our voices are fretful and peevish people will know that our souls are twisted and ugly; but if our voices are smooth and cheery, people will know that our souls are wholesome and healthy. You can even tell what a person's soul is like by hearing him talk over the telephone!

Someone said that a girl couldn't help being homely up to sixteen, but after that it was her

THE PICTURE OF A SOUL

affair what sort of face she had. She could make it beautiful if she wished. He meant that by having a beautiful soul within, the girl's face would picture it to the world. The Bible says that when Moses came down from the mountain after talking with God his face shone. God is the only one who can make our souls beautiful. Let us ask Him to put into them kind thoughts and loving desires and then the picture we draw of our soul will be pleasant to see.

XI

THE LOST CHILD

I WAS talking the other day with a police officer who has a great deal to do with hunting for lost children in a large city. Where, do you suppose, he told me they go first to look for little boys and girls who get lost? You could never guess. He said they always go in the direction in which the wind is blowing.

I asked him why they looked there, and he said it was because on a windy day the wind may blow away a child's hat or handkerchief or balloon, and the child runs after it. When the child picks it up he forgets to turn around and go back. He just keeps on going with the wind.

Isn't that just like some little boys and girls you know? When they come into the house they know that they should put their hats and coats where they belong, but it's so much easier to go with the wind and throw the things down on the first chair you find or on

THE LOST CHILD

the floor. And after the child has done that a few times the child is lost to order.

Or perhaps a boy has been told that he ought to do some work about home, but his friends come along and invite him to go for a swim or to a ball game. He knows he shouldn't accept, but he slips away with the crowd. He goes with the current, as we say, and there you have a lost boy, lost to obedience.

Or here is a girl who has her school work to do, but she just dawdles and daydreams and puts it off until it is too late, and there you have a lost girl, lost to study. When examination time comes she is among the missing.

Boys and girls who go with the wind, follow the crowd, drift with the current don't get far usually. The Bible says, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Don't dawdle, don't drift, don't go with the wind, or some day you will be lost to all fine things in life.

XII

THE WOODCHUCK

LAST summer in Vermont I was very much interested in a little woodchuck who lived with his mother on a knoll near my cottage. Of course, all you boys and girls know what a woodchuck is. It is a little brown animal about as long as a cat, but not as tall. It lives in the ground. Its house is many feet underground, and the woodchuck is very careful to have a front and back door to his house. If he is prevented from getting in one door he runs for the other. When a woodchuck is out feeding on grass and clover he often sits up on his hind legs to see if there are any dogs or men about.

The mother woodchuck of which I spoke was very careful, but the little woodchuck kept getting bolder and bolder every day. He would run farther and farther from the hole. He would sit up on his hind legs, just like his

THE WOODCHUCK

mother, to see if there was any danger about. The trouble was he was so small that his little nose scarcely came above the clover tops, so he could not see very far. I suppose his mother cautioned him and scolded him, as mothers do. And one day I saw her drive him back home. But he thought he knew more than his mother. So he kept running farther from home.

One day he ran over to the next fence to see some calves feeding in the pasture. He didn't know that Noah, a neighbor's dog, was watching him. So when the little woodchuck got over near the fence, the dog ran in between him and his hole. The poor little woodchuck was frightened and ran for home, but it was too late. The dog got him.

I wonder if that little woodchuck wasn't like a great many boys and girls. They think they know more than their fathers and mothers, and so they disobey the cautions their parents give them. They think their parents are old-fashioned because they won't let them do many things in which the children see no harm.

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

The trouble with these boys and girls is they cannot see as far as their parents. If they could see as far they would understand the danger. And so they get into trouble, like the little woodchuck, by taking things into their own hands. The Bible says in the Ten Commandments, "Honor thy father and thy mother." That means, for one thing, respect what they say, and do as they tell you. There have been more children who got into trouble through disobedience than anything else. God knew it would be true. That is why He put a commandment in the Bible for children. Honor thy father and thy mother,

XIII

STREET-CAR CHURCHES

I KNOW you will wonder what I mean when I begin to talk about street-car churches, for you will say that a church is not like a street-car.

In the first place, you say, a street-car moves, and a church doesn't. Then, you get on a street-car when you like, and get off when you like. In a church you are supposed to get there when the service opens, and stay until the service is over. In a street-car you can talk, but in a church you are not supposed to talk during the service.

Well, of course you children are talking about the church as it *ought* to be, and not as it is. Of course everyone knows that a church should not be like a street-car. We should all be in our places when the worship begins, and stay until it is over. We should not talk in church and look out of the windows, for you don't go to church for a ride, or a visit or to look at the scenery. You go to church to hear about God.

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

But I'm sorry to say, boys and girls, that some people do treat the church like a street-car. They come to church whenever they happen to get there, and they expect the service to stop and pick them up and go on again just as if nothing had happened. Others want to talk with their friends or gaze out of the windows or around the church, thinking that the minister ought to bring them to their destination without any more thought on their part than if they were on a street-car, and tell them by pronouncing the benediction that it is time to get off. Some even don't wait until worship is over. When the last hymn is being sung, instead of taking part in it, they spend the time putting on their wraps so as to be the first one out. I hope the children of this church will not treat their church like a street-car. It is dishonoring to God for people to rush into His presence in such a casual, thoughtless sort of way, and it is discourteous to Him to scramble out of His presence as if you were leaving a theater. If you will remember that the church is God's house I am sure you will be reverent.

XIV

THE BOY AND THE POSSUM

IF you boys and girls lived down South you would hear a great deal about the opossum. He is a little animal about the size of an angora cat, but with a tail like a rat. He is a very tricky animal. One of his tricks when he is captured is to lie perfectly still as if he were dead. Then when you go off and leave him he gets up and runs away. The people down South have a saying that when you are fooling them you are "playing possum."

One night not long ago a young man down in Kansas caught a possum. After he had bagged it, he saw another, and ran along and caught it, but when he returned the first one had disappeared. A little farther along he saw a third possum, and, satisfied this time as to the safety of his second catch, he pursued the third possum and caught it. But when he brought it back he found that the

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

second one had got away. After this he saw other possums, but he held tight to the one he had in the bag. He had been chasing the same possum all the while!

Now, there are a great many people like that boy and the possum. Instead of holding on to the possum they have, they are always chasing another.

I saw a picture in the paper the other day which showed a young man walking along the sidewalk and looking enviously at a man on a motor-cycle. The man on the motor-cycle was looking at a man with a Ford automobile, wishing that he had that. The man in the Ford was looking at a Maxwell, wishing that he had that. The man in the Maxwell was casting longing eyes on a Cadillac car; and the man in the Cadillac was looking with envious glances at a Pierce Arrow. Finally, the man in the Pierce Arrow was looking at a car of foreign make, wishing he had that. You see none of them was satisfied with what he had. He was not holding on to the possum he had, but was looking at another just beyond him.

There are boys and girls who are doing

THE BOY AND THE POSSUM

just the same sort of thing. If Santa Claus brings them a pair of skates for Christmas, and he brings the boy next door a Flexible Flyer, then they forget about their skates and want a Flyer. These children are chasing another possum again, instead of holding on to what they have.

The most unhappy people in the world are the people who are always chasing another possum. The sooner you learn to hold on to what you have and to enjoy that the happier you will be.

CONFIRMED FARES

I SUPPOSE that the majority of children here when they ride on the train go for half-fare. Children under twelve ride half-fare, while those over twelve are supposed to pay full fare.

If you had been born in Norway your ticket would not be called a half-fare ticket; it would be called an unconfirmed ticket. In Norway the railroads sell confirmed and unconfirmed fares. This is because every child, when he reaches a certain age is supposed to have been baptized and become a member of the church. And so they speak of children's fares as unconfirmed fares.

People who ride on trains act much in the same way as people who attend church. I have known children more than twelve years of age crouch down in the seat on the train so as to make themselves look as small as possible in order to ride on a half-fare ticket.

CONFIRMED FARES

There are people who do that at church. They are grown-up people, but they try to ride half-fare when it comes to doing their part in church. If you ask them to take a Sunday School class or act on a committee or help in the work, they say, "Oh, I couldn't do that, you see." Well, no matter what we see. One thing we do see is a grown-up person trying to ride half-fare.

Then there are some who ride on trains without paying anything at all. They steal a ride. These are usually tramps. They ride on the bumpers of freight cars and hide in the coal cars and so ride for nothing. There are some people in churches just like that. They just go around from one church to another getting everything they can for nothing, but they never settle down to work in any particular church.

Then, I am happy to say, there are those who ride full fare. They join the church. They work in the Sunday School or wherever you ask them to. They are a great joy to the minister. They don't expect to go half fare or to steal a ride.

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

Now, I hope that when you children get to be twelve or thirteen years of age you will expect to pay full fare, a confirmed fare in the church. I hope you will join the church, help the missionary work, and do your part in all the work of the church. Don't try to squeeze down as small as possible and get along as easily as possible. Don't steal a ride like a tramp. Pay full fare like a man! Be a confirmed fare.

XVI

WOODEN OATHS

I HOPE that none of you children swear! I have never heard a boy, and of course never a *girl*, of this church utter a profane word. I should be greatly shocked if I did. For profanity is not only wicked, but it is *very* bad manners. But I wonder how many children have thought that there are other kinds of oaths than those we make with our lips?

What does it mean to swear? We usually think of swearing as saying bad words. But it seems to me that anyone who loses his temper so completely that he becomes violent in his actions, swears. He may swear with his tongue or with his hands or with his feet.

My subject is "Wooden Oaths." That sounds strange, does it not? How can an oath be made of wood? Let me tell you. Have you ever seen a girl who has been sent out on some errand by her mother which she

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

didn't want to go on, slam the door in anger when she went out? Well, that girl swore with the door. Yes, she swore just as much as if she had said some bad word out loud! She swore a wooden oath.

Have you ever seen a boy stub his foot on the rocker of a chair, go back and kick the chair because he was angry with it? Well, every time that boy kicked the chair he swore a leather oath with his shoes. And when any of you get angry at your playmates and hit them with your fists or kick them you really swear at them with your hands and feet just as really as if you swore at them with your tongue. I never see a man beating a horse on the street in a fit of temper just because the horse had made him vexed but I want to tell him to stop swearing at the horse with the whip. Every stroke is an oath.

And, I'm sorry to say, I have seen parents get out of patience with children, and they have said, "I'll teach you!" And then they get a strap and punish them. What are they teaching the children? Sometimes they are only teaching them that they are stronger

WOODEN OATHS

than their child. They have forgotten what else they were going to teach them, because they have lost their temper. Every time they strike their child in such anger they swear.

And so, boys and girls, when you are tempted to get angry and slam doors, kick chairs, or strike your playmates, will you remember the wooden and leather oaths you are making? It is terrible to hear a child swear with his tongue. It is just as terrible to see him swear with his feet and hands.

XVII

THE SUN-SHINE HOUSE

OVER in a village called Holmwood in the county of Surrey, England, is an old house which stands in a beautiful garden, and on this house is a strange sun-dial. It is fastened on the end of the house where the sun shines in the morning and tells the time, like other sun-dials, when the sun shines on it.

But the most interesting thing about this sun-dial is the verse which is painted above it on the wall of the house. The verse runs like this:

“Let others tell of storms and showers,
I mark the sunny morning hours.”

I think the sun-dial had a very good motto. I wish every boy and girl would take it as his motto:

“Let others tell of storms and showers,
I mark the sunny morning hours.”

Wouldn't it be a fine thing if every boy and

THE SUN-SHINE HOUSE

girl would do as that sun-dial? When clouds are in the sky or a storm comes it says nothing at all about it. It only makes note of the sunshine.

If boys and girls would take that as their motto we should never hear them telling of their disappointments. They would not be complaining to others about their clothes, or their teachers in school, or what they have to eat. And I am very sure we should never hear them saying anything disagreeable about other boys and girls.

If boys and girls took the motto of the sun-dial they would talk of only the good things and the beautiful things. They would not talk about the faults of other boys and girls. They would talk about the fine things they see in their playmates. For you know there *are* fine things in every boy and girl if you only look for them. These children would not talk about the things they do not have. But they would talk about the many blessings they do have. They would not talk about the teachers they don't like. They would keep in mind the teachers they do like.

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

There is another thing I want you to notice about this sun-dial. It marked the sunny *morning* hours. Someone has said that if you keep sweet up to ten o'clock in the morning you will keep sweet all the rest of the day. There is a great deal of truth in that. Try being sunny in the morning. Get up sunny and happy. Come to the breakfast-table with a smile, and the rest of the day will go much better.

Nobody wishes to go with the boy or girl who sees and talks about the disagreeable things. An old verse has it:

“Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone.”

If you would have friends you must

“Let others tell of storms and showers.”

Keep on the sunny side of the house.

XVIII

THE SCARECROW

As one goes through the country in the summer he sees many scarecrows in the fields. These are put up by farmers not only to scare crows, but the other birds as well, from digging up the seed in the ground and in this way ruining the crops.

Scarecrows are made in a great many ways. Sometimes pieces of wood are dressed up to look like a man. Sometimes pieces of twine are stretched across the field. Again a piece of red rag is tied to a pole. Or frequently one sees a crow that has been shot swinging from a stake by one foot.

Of course all these scarecrows are harmless. They are all just bluff as we would say. They couldn't hurt anything. And if the crows and other birds knew how harmless they were they would not be frightened away from the corn and other seeds lying so easily within reach. *We* know that these scarecrows are

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

harmless and we laugh at the birds for being so easily frightened away.

But did you ever think of the scarecrows that boys and girls are afraid of, and which frighten them away from much better things than seeds to eat? The Bible speaks of one of these scarecrows. In the book of Proverbs it says: "The slothful saith, there is a lion in the way." Of course there *is* no lion in the way. The man is just lazy, so he makes himself believe that a lion will get him if he goes to work. The excuse is just a scarecrow that he uses to keep himself from going to work.

Did you ever know of a boy going back to school without his homework done because he looked at the first problem and it looked hard, so he sees a scarecrow there on the page with a card on it like this—

Very Difficult, Can't Be Done.

So he doesn't try any more. He gets zero because a scarecrow just frightened him off at a glance.

THE SCARECROW

And have you ever known a child who should take a bath, and there at the bathroom door is a scarecrow that says, "Keep out. You'll get all wet, and maybe the water will be cold."

And when you know you ought to get up in the morning there is a scarecrow that tells you that you'd better lie in bed for it may be cold when you get up, and it's a big job to lace your shoes. And when you want to do right a scarecrow tells you that other boys and girls will think you are a goody-goody. Of course it isn't so. You are just being scared away from something worth-while. Older people can see that these are scarecrows, just as you can see that the figures in the field are harmless.

Everything worth getting at in this world has a scarecrow of some sort near by to frighten off cowards. When Fulton wanted to sail his first steamboat up the Hudson River a great many scarecrows were on the wharf to frighten him away. But he wouldn't be scared. He knew they were perfectly harmless. So he just made a try. And when he

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

proudly steamed away the scarecrows all began to shout and cheer him along.

When Daniel prayed with his windows open toward Jerusalem, against the King's orders the scarecrows said, "I wouldn't do it, Daniel; the King will kill you for disobedience." But Daniel did it just the same. And after it was all over and Daniel was given a high position by the King the scarecrows all flapped their wings and said, "Didn't I tell you? I just knew Daniel would win." The scarecrows always know how it will come out—after it *has come* out.

Now, boys and girls, I hope you will never be afraid of scarecrows, either the ones inside you that we call excuses, or the live ones outside you whom we call other people. Remember the old motto: "They say. What they say, let them say." Just go ahead. A scarecrow, living or dead, never hurt anyone yet.

XIX

THE WIND SHIELD

ALL boys and girls know what the Wind Shield on an automobile is. It is the glass in front of the driver to keep the wind off those who are riding.

Of course a piece of board set up in front in place of the windshield would keep the wind off just as well. But if the windshield were of wood the driver could not see where to go. He would not be able to avoid obstacles and he would be running into other automobiles. So the windshield must be made of glass.

I wonder how many boys and girls have ever thought that their souls had a windshield, too! We call it conscience. We look through it and see dangers ahead in time to avoid them. The conscience is the window of the soul. Now, you would think that an automobile driver would be very foolish to smear mud on his windshield so that he could not

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

see through it. That would be a very dangerous thing to do. The windshield of an automobile must always be kept clean or the driver will get into trouble.

And yet I have known boys and girls to get their soul windshield so soiled they couldn't see through it, and they went tearing ahead and soon came to grief. Every time a boy or girl tells a lie or deceives father or mother or teacher he is putting mud on his windshield. I mean he is clouding his conscience and then his conscience is not clear and he doesn't see things as they really are. Soon he smashes right into some rule or some commandment and his soul gets all battered and bruised.

None of us would like to ride behind a windshield in an automobile that we couldn't see through. Neither should we wish to ride behind a cloudy conscience.

People wash the windshields of their automobiles, and so should boys and girls wash their consciences. But, you ask me, how can anyone wash his conscience? One way to wash your conscience is to read the Bible. The Bible cleans the dirt right off your con-

THE WIND SHIELD

science, and makes things look as they really are. Prayer cleanses the conscience also, for we never try to tell God things that aren't so. And when we ask Him to make us clean His Holy Spirit begins by cleansing our conscience. Sunday School is another thing that cleanses the conscience. If you listen carefully to the lessons taught by the teacher your conscience will sharpen up the difference between right and wrong. Keep your windshield clean!

XX

THE BRAKE

LAST Sunday I took as the text of my sermon the windshield of an automobile. Today I wish to take as my text the brake.

The windshield, as you remember, was of glass so that the driver could see where he was going. The brake is, as you know, to stop the machine with.

The first thing everyone who learns to drive a machine should know is how to stop it. A machine that cannot be stopped quickly is a very dangerous thing not only to those on the street but to those who are riding in the car. I said last Sunday that the windshield of an automobile plays the same part for the machine as *conscience* does in a child. The brake plays the same part as the child's *will*.

Nearly all boys and girls are like automobiles; they have plenty of power. I have seen thirty, forty and sixty horsepower boys and

THE BRAKE

girls. And the more power they have the more brakes they need, just like an automobile. A sixty horsepower boy with a weak brake, or as we would say with a weak will, is a very dangerous affair.

In the old days before trains had air-brakes and brakemen had to set the brakes, if the engineer found himself going down-hill too fast he would whistle for "down-brakes." That is, he wanted the brakeman to help him hold the train back.

Now it seems to me boys and girls need to have especially good brakes. The more power, or as we say snap, a boy has the better his brakes must be, the more will-power he must have.

For the boys and girls with the most snap usually have the quickest tempers. Temper is the fire under the engine or the spark-plug in the machine. And so the more speed you have the more brake you need.

Now, as I said a moment ago, God has given us these brakes. It is called the will. If you don't use it you will not only be dangerous to others but dangerous to yourselves.

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

When we find our temper getting the better of us so that we want to rush ahead and say hasty or unkind things or to do harm to others we must put on brakes. We must use our wills and stop the machine.

Do boys and girls ever need to whistle for down-brakes? Yes, of course they do! But how? Who is the brakeman? God helps us in times like these, when we are running away from ourselves, or as we say, lose control of ourselves. If we hastily say when our tempers are getting the better of us, "Oh, God, help me to keep my temper," He will hear and put on the brakes.

Don't drive an automobile unless the brakes are in good order. That is a good motto. Another is, don't let your temper get the better of your will. Put on the brakes!

XXI

THE HOOD

YOU all know what the hood of an automobile is. It is the covering of the engine and runs from the windshield to the radiator. The hood of an automobile is one of the unnecessary things about it. It is just put on the machine for looks. The engine would run just as well without it, although you might hear it more plainly when you stopped.

But an automobile would be a very awkward looking thing without a hood. I never see an automobile without a hood without thinking of a small boy who has just lost a front tooth. The boy is just as good a boy, of course, with that front tooth gone as he was with it, but what a difference it makes in his looks! Every time he smiles he thinks of it, and it does spoil his appearance.

But did you children ever think of your

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

manners in that way? I suppose we old folks look at things in a different way from you children. When I see a good boy who has a sound character and a bright mind, but who has no manners, I think of an automobile without a hood. We say that the boy is sound at heart, meaning by that his intentions are good, but somehow or other there is something lacking. The finish isn't there. One of the front teeth in his make-up is missing, and what a gap it leaves!

"Oh," you say, "a boy can be just as good on the inside without manners, so what difference does it make?" It makes just this difference, that people aren't on the inside to see what you are like there. They judge you by the outside. If you were choosing between two automobiles of the same make and model, and one had a hood and the other had not, you would choose the one with the hood, "just for the looks."

Now that is the way we often have to choose among boys and girls. Sometimes all we have to go by is the outside. One may be just as good as the other on the inside,

THE HOOD

but we don't know the inside, so we choose by what we see.

Manners hide a great deal of noise in children, just as the hood of an automobile does for the engine, and people don't like too much chatter in either automobiles or children. I once heard of a man who got into the United States Senate on his manners. He wrote a polite note to a man who had loaned him an umbrella. He might have been just as thankful for the umbrella and returned it without the note. But his manners made him write the note that gave him a start in life.

The hood of an automobile is just for looks. So are manners sometimes, but they make a great deal of difference. The boy who can cover his impatience, his sulkiness, his disappointment with a smile will win, where the unmannerly boy loses. And to be sunny on the outside does help you to be sunny on the inside. Try it and see.

XXII

EVERYBODY'S BOAT

THERE was once a man down on Cape Cod who wished to build a boat for himself. So he got the timber together at the edge of the water and set to work to lay the keel of the boat. For that is the first thing one does when he begins to build a boat. The keel of a boat is like the foundation of a house. You must build that first.

But the captain had no sooner begun work than one of his neighbors passed by and said, "Mornin', Cap'n. I see you're goin' to build a boat."

"Yes," said the captain, "I thought I'd build a boat for myself."

"Well, I wouldn't lay the keel that way." And then he showed the captain how *he* would lay the keel.

"I don't know but you're right," said the

EVERYBODY'S BOAT

captain. And he set to work to build it that way.

Soon another neighbor drove by and said, "Mornin', Captain, buildin' a boat, eh?"

"Yes," said the captain. "Didn't know but I would."

"That ain't the right way to lay the keel," said the neighbor. "I'll show you the best way."

"I guess you're right," said the captain. So he began to work on the keel *that* way.

Several neighbors passed in the course of the day, and no two agreed as to which was the right way to lay the keel of a boat. Each one thought his way was the best. And the captain tried to make use of all their suggestions.

At last the boat was finished. But it was useless. It just went around in circles, and the captain drew it upon the shore in disgust and left it there to rot. Then he set to work near by to build another boat. But he no sooner began to work on the keel than his neighbors began to make more suggestions.

Finally the captain said, "See here, that is

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

everybody's boat on the beach there. I took everybody's advice building that, and it's no use at all. I'm going to build this boat my own way!"

And he built the second boat his own way. When it was done it was a great success.

The person who tries to please everybody usually comes out about the way the captain did with his first boat. He usually ends by pleasing nobody, not even himself! It is all very well to take advice, boys and girls, but you must have some plan of your own or you will get nowhere. Saint Paul speaks about people who are "Blown about by every wind of doctrine," and he says they don't make much headway. They listen to everybody, and so they are always changing their course.

Have you ever seen a chameleon? It is a little animal like a lizard, and it takes on whatever color it is near. It doesn't seem to have any color of its own.

I know boys and girls like that. If they are with a crowd of good boys or good girls they take on their color. But if they are with bad boys and girls they are like them.

EVERYBODY'S BOAT

They have no color of their own, no mind of their own.

Now the world does not like colorless people. It likes those who have a mind of their own. It wants a man, if he is going to build a boat, to have an idea how he is going to build it, and then stick to that idea. It likes boys and girls when they know what they want to be like to stick to their course and go straight ahead.

When you are tempted to change your mind too often remember the captain and everybody's boat.

XXIII

POLICING THE CAMP!

AN interesting thing happened at a training camp for soldiers in Massachusetts not long ago. I suppose it is the custom with all training camps.

Just when the soldiers of this camp were to take the train for a port where they were to set sail for France an order was given to police the camp. This meant that before the soldiers left the grounds of the camp they were to pick up every scrap of paper. Every bit of waste of any sort was to be picked up and burned. The soldiers were to leave the grounds in just as good order as they found them.

Of course the soldiers were in a hurry to get on the train and it wasn't a very interesting thing to go about picking up papers and pieces of waste. But the Government thought this was just as important as getting on the

POLICING THE CAMP!

train to fight in France. Why do you suppose the Government thought that policing the camp was so necessary? I think I know. One of the first needs of any army is orderliness. An army that isn't orderly cannot be a first-class army.

Now don't you think there is a good lesson here for little folks? It seems to me that if boys and girls were taught to police the camp it would be one of the finest things they could learn. "But," you say to me, "how can boys and girls police the camp? They are not soldiers."

I will tell you. Supposing each boy and girl were taught to leave his room in the morning just as orderly as he found it the night before, don't you think it would make his mother happy? There would be no ties or shoes or stockings or ribbons lying about. Everything would be in order.

And supposing every boy and girl were to learn to police the front hall. Do you suppose there would be any caps or scarfs lying about on the floor, or books put in the first place a child could throw them when he

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

came in from school? And supposing pupils at school learned to police the camp before they left. Do you think there would be paper on the floor, statues defaced or books lying scattered about? And what a different town we should live in if every boy and girl in it policed the camp! We wouldn't mar the bridges or fences with chalk. We wouldn't find the streets littered with paper and banana skins or other kinds of waste.

And what a different thing life would be if we should all try to leave things in as good condition as we found them. Let us try to learn a lesson from the soldiers. Let us police the camp where we live!

XXIV

THE CHINA EGG

OUT on the farm where I used to live as a boy we used to put a china egg into the hen's nest to make the hens believe that some hen had laid a real egg there and so lead the other hens to lay. The china egg looked exactly like a real egg. It was the same size, the same shape, and the same color. But it was only an earthenware egg after all.

And yet some hen that wanted to hatch chickens would sometimes take one of those china eggs and sit on it for weeks expecting it to hatch a chick. She would be very serious about her sitting. She would keep the egg warm and stay all alone in the dark nest hour after hour, when she might be out scratching in the bright sunshine with the other hens. She would get very cross and very thin because she worked so hard to hatch out the egg. But no matter how faithfully or how long she might sit there the china egg would never turn into a fluffy chick.

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

I know you boys and girls think that was a very foolish hen. And yet I have seen boys and girls doing things just as foolish as the hen trying to hatch the china egg. There are some things you can't hatch anything out of, because there is nothing in them to hatch.

Have you ever known a boy shirk along in his work at school, getting the other boys to do his work for him while he was having a good time, and then expect to really know as much about his lessons and to pass as good an examination as the rest of the class? That boy was trying to hatch out a china egg.

Have you ever known a girl who thought of nothing but herself and her clothes and having a good time, and she expected to grow up into a sweet, unselfish, attractive woman? She is trying to hatch a china egg.

Have you known boys and girls to go to Sunday School just when it pleased them, going one Sunday and staying away two, and never studying their lessons when they did go, and then expect to know a great deal about the Bible and to have strong Christian characters? They are trying to hatch china eggs.

XXV

HOW THE JELLY-FISH CAME TO BE

ONCE upon a time in far-away Dragonland where all the inhabitants lived in the sea and made their palaces of coral-reef and their thrones of pearls, the Queen of Dragonland fell ill and no remedy could be found to relieve her sickness. Finally a famous physician was called in, and he told the King that if he could get a piece of monkey's liver for the Queen she would soon recover.

The King called together the court-messengers and told them the situation. He then dispatched the jelly-fish across the seas to Monkeyland to get the needed liver.

The jelly-fish, you will understand, was not then a soft, pulpy fish as he is now. He then had fins and scales and a backbone just as other fish. And so he swam and swam day after day, day after day, until he finally came

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

to Monkeyland. As he neared the shore he saw a monkey sitting on a high branch of a tall tree, and the jelly-fish called to him and invited him to come back to Dragonland with him. The monkey said he did not care to go, because he was happy enough where he was. "But," said the jelly-fish, "if you will come with me to Dragonland you may sport all day with the mermaids and scamper in and out through our coral-reef palaces." That was an attractive picture, so the monkey decided to go. He got on the back of the jelly-fish and they swam on and on through the water for days. Then, as they neared Dragonland, the jelly-fish told the monkey that when they got to Dragonland the people would take out his liver to give it to the Queen. "Well, now, that is too bad," said the monkey, "for when I decided to come with you I took out my liver and left it hanging in the tree, for I thought it would make your load that much lighter. We had better go back and get it before we proceed further."

Of course there was nothing to do but go back to Monkeyland. And when the monkey

HOW THE JELLY-FISH CAME TO BE

got back home he refused to go with the jelly-fish again.

The jelly-fish swam sadly back to Dragonland and told his story to the King. The King was of course enraged and said: "You good-for-nothing stupid! This is what you get for not going to school as a child and learning your lessons like other fish, then you would have known the ways of monkeys and the tricks they play on people. But no, you were forever playing truant because you liked play better than work. And now you have brought disaster on all Dragonland, yourself included." The King called the palace servants and said: "Take this stupid out into the palace-yard and give him such a beating that there will not be a bone left in his body nor a scale nor a fin on his pulpy hulk."

The palace servants did as the King bade them, and so that is the way the jelly-fish came to be.

XXVI

SLIGHTLY SOILED, GREATLY REDUCED

A FRIEND of mine was walking down a street in the city the other day, when he saw this sign pinned on a suit of clothes outside a second-hand clothing store: "Slightly Soiled, Greatly Reduced." That is my text for the children's talk today, "Slightly Soiled, Greatly Reduced." It seems that the suit was not very much soiled, but in spite of that it wasn't worth nearly so much as if it had not been soiled at all.

That is just the way with people, big and little, old and young. You don't have to be very much soiled to be greatly reduced in the estimation of other people. A boy may be just as good a boy on the *inside*, but if his face is dirty, just a little bit dirty, people don't think nearly so much of him as if his face were spotlessly clean.

But it is not clothes and faces that I wish to

SLIGHTLY SOILED

talk about to-day. It is about characters and reputations. It is the same with them. If they are slightly soiled they are greatly reduced in the eyes of the world.

Why, I knew a church away up in Vermont in which there were two women who told some lies about their minister. The minister left. He was one of the best men who ever lived and the lies didn't hurt him much. Lies never do hurt a really good person for very long. But it was very different with the church. It called another minister, but its reputation was slightly soiled by the way it had treated the other minister, and so its reputation was greatly reduced. And it finally had to close up and go out of business.

A boy gets the name of using bad language, or being rough and unfair at play. Parents of other children get to know of it, and if it is true the boy's character may be soiled, what seems to him only a little, but his reputation is greatly reduced. Parents will keep their children away from him.

A girl may be a tattletale or she may use slang. She may be a very good little girl on

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

the inside, but people don't see the inside. And so her character is slightly soiled by these little things and her popularity is greatly reduced. No child wishes to have soiled hands or a soiled face or soiled clothes. He should be just as careful not to have a soiled name. The Bible says, "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." When you are tempted to soil your name by an unworthy act think of the clothing sign, "*Slightly Soiled, Greatly Reduced.*"

XXVII

THE SMOTHERED PARTRIDGE

I WONDER how many of you children have seen a partridge? It is a brown bird about the size of a half-grown hen, and it lives in the woods. When it calls to its mate it sits on a hollow log and drums with its wings, so that it can be heard a great distance among the trees.

The bird has a strange way of keeping itself warm when the snow becomes deep in the winter and the wind whistles and Jack Frost sprinkles diamonds on the trees and fields.

When a soft powdery snow comes down and the night begins to fall, the partridge makes a swift plunge, head-first into the snow in the woods and makes a nest for itself with the white, fleecy snow as a blanket. There it sleeps all night long until the sun calls it out at dawn. But sometimes a sad thing happens.

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

After the partridge has gone to bed in the snow there may come a rain or sleet storm which freezes over before morning, making a hard crust over the bird. If this crust is too strong for the bird to break through the bird is imprisoned, and it is either smothered or starves to death.

I have met boys and girls that remind me of the smothered partridge. They have done something that they ought not to do, and in order to escape punishment, they have just jumped right into a lie and covered themselves over with it so that they could hide away from a whipping or a scolding. They thought they could shake off the lie when they wanted to just as the partridge thought it could do with the soft snow. But somehow or other when they wanted to get out and be free again they couldn't do it. There was something that hung over their heads just like the snow crust over the partridge's and they couldn't shake it off. They felt sort of smothery and as if they were in a cell. They really are in a jail. The lie they told had walled them in, and wherever they went they took the jail with

THE SMOTHERED PARTRIDGE

them. For, of course, you know that no boy or girl who has told a lie can be happy. And so there, covered over by that soft, fluffy lie you told, lies buried your happiness. And when you bury your happiness you bury yourself. For your happiness is part of your very self.

I am sure if that partridge had known that it was to be buried alive it would far rather have been punished by the cold, roosting under the branches of a tree all night. For then it would at least be free in the morning.

And I am sure if any boy or girl knew he was to bury his happiness he would never try to smother it under a lie. He would just come out frank and fair and tell the truth, even though he were punished for doing wrong, for after the punishment was over with and he had forgotten it he could run and shout and sing again. But boys and girl who tell lies cannot be happy. Their happiness lies buried there where they crawled away and hid beneath a falsehood.

XXVIII

MR. TOIL

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who grew very tired of going to school. He lived out in the country and the schoolhouse was a long way off and the lessons seemed very hard.

And so one day he decided to run away from all this work. But he kissed his mother good-bye and trudged off as usual in the direction of the school just as he always did. It was a beautiful morning in June. The birds were singing in the tree-tops, and all along the roadside the flowers nodded to him gaily as he passed. The lambs were frisking in the pastures and the willows were dipping their lazy leaves into the brook that gurgled beneath the bridge.

The boy ran through the fields and shouted for joy. How much better this was than the old, musty schoolhouse, where the stern schoolmaster, Mr. Toil, was always on the

MR. TOIL

watch for mischievous boys. He would go far, far away and never see Mr. Toil again.

Then he came out on the highway and climbed beyond the little white schoolhouse. It was a little warm climbing the hill and his legs grew a little tired before he reached the top, but he came across a stranger at the crest of the hill and he forgot for the moment about being hot and tired. He trudged on till noon with the stranger, and then he began to feel hungry. There were some men working in a hayfield and he and his companion went over and asked for something to eat. They were promised their dinner if they would work an hour for it, so they set to work with a will. And oh, how good the dinner tasted! But that did not make the boy less tired when they set out on the dusty road again.

Soon the stranger asked the boy where he was going. The boy hesitated and blushed, and then he told his companion that he was running away from Mr. Toil. The man's face looked serious and he sat down beneath a tree with the boy to rest.

"I'm sorry, my son," said he, "but I'm

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

afraid you can never do that. He belongs to a very large family, and you'll find a Mr. Toil wherever you go. Even those men back in the hayfields were first-cousins of Mr. Toil, your schoolmaster. Their name is Toil also. The boy looked up into his face dismayed. Strange he had not thought to look at his companion before, nor to ask his name. "And what is your name?" he asked presently.

"Oh, my name?" the man said. "I hadn't thought to tell you that. My name is Toil, too. I'm a very distant relative of the schoolmaster, a sort of black-sheep in the family, but Toil is my name, too."

As the boy looked at him more closely he was amazed to find a strong family resemblance.

"You've never been away from the Toil family, my boy, since you met me this morning. You can't escape us. Even in trying to escape you have fallen in with one of us. It takes toil to run away from toil. I'd advise you to go back to your home and your schoolmaster once more. He's not a bad sort of man considering he belongs to the Toil family."

MR. TOIL

The boy turned sadly back home, weary and discouraged. But no sooner had he taken to the road once more than a stranger overtook him. The boy looked up into his face and asked, "And is your name Toil, too?" "Yes," the man replied, "I go as far as where you live, and I'll accompany you."

XXIX

WISHING VALLEY

JUST on this side of the hill called Endeavor is Wishing Valley. On the other side of the hill lies the Land of Heart's Desire. In the Land of Heart's Desire are all the things that boys and girls would like to have and may have if they will work hard enough.

Over the hill run two paths. One is called Work-Path and the other is called Shirk-Path. Work-Path runs straight up the hill from the place where you stand. It is very steep and rough and narrow. There don't seem to be many people going that way and those who do go by that path look rather stern. They climb mostly alone, and they don't seem to be very companionable. I don't think you would expect them to be great chums.

Shirk-Path seems to be much more pleasant. It is broader, and not nearly so rough as Work-Path. It runs away down Wishing Valley.

WISHING VALLEY

Many people are going that way. And what a good time they are having! There is shouting and laughter, and everyone going that way seems very friendly with the others. As you look at the two paths you will be almost sure to be tempted to take Shirk-Path to the Land of Heart's Desire.

But if you should take that path you would find great disappointment in store for you. It is broad and smooth at the beginning, and there are many traveling that way, but before you have gone far on that road you will find that the road begins to grow narrow and steep, just like Work-Path. You will find also that you have lost a good deal of time and strength in following Shirk-Path, for the only way to get over the hill is to get over it. No matter how far Shirk-Path follows along the foot of the hill, it must lead up over the hill at last. But when the road begins to climb uphill, many of those who have taken it have spent so much time and strength in Shirk-Path that they are discouraged, and simply settle down in Wishing Valley dreaming how nice it would be in the Land of Heart's Desire and wishing

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

they were there, but they never try to get there. And so the way over Endeavor Hill by Shirk-Path comes to be far more lonely in the end than by Work-Path. It is far longer, too.

The meaning of all this is to tell you boys and girls that there is no easy way to get things you want. If you have a hill to climb, climb it! Don't go hunting for some way around it. If you have a hard thing to do, do it. Don't spend your time and energy thinking how you can get out of it. It has to be done at last anyway.

A pretty good rule is to do the disagreeable things first. You will save a great deal of time and worry by getting them out of the way at once. When you are tempted to dodge hard things think of Shirk-Path and how so many find it worse than Work-Path over the hill after all.

XXX

WHAT TRIPPED THE BOY?

THE story is told of Abraham Lincoln that when he was out one day for a stroll in Washington, as he turned a corner a boy coming from the opposite direction ran into him and would have fallen had not Lincoln grabbed him and set him on his feet. The boy was vexed and wanted to know if he couldn't go down the street without being tripped up. Lincoln told the boy that the thing which tripped was inside of him.

I wonder if that isn't true of all boys and girls. Whenever a boy or girl is tripped up in life and fails I always feel like looking inside of him to see what did it. You will hear some boys say that the reason they don't get on in school is because the teacher is no good. In a few cases that may be true. In nearly every case, however, you will find it is not the teacher who trips up the boy in his lessons, it is something inside of the boy. He may be lazy, or he may not pay attention.

You will find girls who have done something

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

wrong telling their mothers that some other girl made them do it. It was the other girl who tripped them up in their good intentions. Probably if you looked inside these girls you would find some little fault of disobedience to their mother which is the real cause of their trouble. The hardest sort of child to make anything of or to help along is the boy or girl who is always blaming someone else for his failures, instead of taking the blame himself.

If you boys and girls can't get along with other children I would advise you to look inside yourselves and see if there isn't something like quarrelsomeness which trips you up. You won't get far so long as you blame others each time. Don't look *outside* of you for the cause of your failures, look *inside*. Most of the failures in the world are caused by people blaming other people for their faults. They are so busy telling you how other people have tripped them up that they have no time for finding out what is wrong with themselves. When you fail look inside. There you will probably find after a little searching what caused you to stumble.

XXXI

EVERYBODY'S BIRTHDAY

I HEARD a very pretty Christmas story the other day. It was told by the Bishop of Gibraltar. He was on his way out to Hayti in the West Indies. With him was a little colored boy by the name of Jim. Christmas morning found them on a ship away out in mid-ocean. On that morning Jim suddenly announced that Christmas Day was his birthday. The Bishop said: "Why, Jim, I thought you said you were born in June?" "Christmas Day's everybody's birthday," said Jim.

Isn't that a beautiful way of looking at Christmas Day? To think of it not only as Christ's Birthday, but as a birthday for us all. For of course it is, if we wish to make it so.

"But," you say to me, "I already have *one* birthday. I can't have two." Oh, yes you can! You can have a birthday for your body,

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

and one for your soul. A man came to Jesus once and asked Him how to get into Heaven. Christ told him he must be born again. The man could not understand what Christ meant, until Christ told him he must be born from above. That is, he must accept God's way for his way. We must all do that. When we make that choice our souls are born. We begin a new life, just as when we came into this world.

That is what Christmas means, after all. It means that heaven opened on a Christmas once long, long ago, and God sent forth His Son, Jesus, to tell us all that He loved us and wished us to follow Christ and do His will.

No matter how often we have done wrong through the past year and how disappointed we are in ourselves, Christmas Day comes to us and tells us we can be born again if we're sorry and will try once more. Fresh beginnings come not on New Year's Day, but Christmas Day. That is our soul's birthday, as little Jim said.

XXXII

FOLLOW YOUR LEADER

I SUPPOSE all boys and girls know the game Follow Your Leader. You choose one to be your leader, and then you are supposed to follow him wherever he goes. If you play the game indoors your leader takes you up to the garret and down to the cellar and makes you climb over some very difficult places in order to follow him. If you play the game out of doors your leader will probably lead you over ditches and through fences, and sometimes he will even climb trees to make the game hard for you.

I know that you will be amazed to hear that some kinds of birds also choose a leader and follow him everywhere he goes. Wild geese do that when they fly to the northern countries in the spring of the year, and they do it again when they go south in the autumn. They will follow their leader hundreds of miles through the air, trailing on behind him like the tail of a kite.

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

Sometimes this is a very dangerous thing for these birds to do. Men have been known to shoot the leader in a flock of wild geese, and when he fell to the ground the whole flock followed him and were also shot.

It is a good thing to know when to stop following your leader. Some boys follow their leader at work or at play just as blindly as that flock of wild geese. When he gets into mischief or into trouble they just go straight ahead and do the same foolish things. No boy or girl can be strong who blindly follows everything some other boy or girl whom he admires does. It is a good thing to know when to stop following your leader. It is always safe to stop when he does anything wrong or foolish.

Would it not be a fine thing if we had some leader who would *always* lead us right? But the Bible says there is such an one. It is Christ. He says, "I am the way." Any boy or girl who follows Him will never be led into anything wicked or harmful. When you want to follow your leader, follow Him. Hear Him say, "Follow me."

XXXIII

PRIVATE WAY, DANGEROUS

As you go about town you will see many of the streets with a sign on the corner which reads, "Private Way, Dangerous."

This is the text of my sermon to the boys and girls to-day. Nearly all private ways are dangerous. When a boy or girl wishes to do anything wrong he does not go where people are and where he will be easily seen, but he skulks off into some quiet place where he will be alone. If a boy has a book which he does not wish his father to see him reading he goes off by some private way that is not easily found and there he reads the book in secret. If a girl wants to eat something that her mother does not want her to, she sneaks away alone through some back path and there enjoys herself. When children run off to play with other children whom they have been told not to play with, they don't usually go right out

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

the front way into the street, but they steal out some back way through a hole in the garden fence and cut across lots until they find their playmates. Each little wrong thing we do has a "private way" leading to it which we follow in secret. And whenever you have to get at a thing by a private way you may make up your mind to it that the way is dangerous.

It is always a bad business when a boy or girl has too many private ways in his life. That sort of child is following a dangerous path. If you are tempted to take a path that you would not want your parents to see you in, you had better keep out of it.

I want the boys and girls of this church to be frank and open and fair. Don't go sneaking along in your life through hidden alleys and back ways. Stay in the main streets where people can see. People do not trust children who know too many little short-cuts and back-yard paths. When you are tempted to take that course think of our text for to-day and remember that nearly always after "Private Way" comes the word "Dangerous." Nearly all the boys and girls in jail to-day got there

PRIVATE WAY, DANGEROUS

through walking in private ways—ways which their parents knew nothing about. Don't have secrets from your parents. It's a sad day for any child when he begins to keep back things from his parents.

XXXIV

THE GREEDY MAN

ONCE upon a time there was a man who was told that he could have all the land that he could walk around from sunrise to sunset. And so one morning at dawn he set off to walk. He started at a good comfortable pace, taking his lunch with him. But as he walked he thought how if he would quicken his pace a little he might get more land. And so he began to hurry on faster. When lunch-time came he thought he would do without that just for one day. It wouldn't do him any harm, and think how much more land he would have if he spent his time walking instead of stopping for lunch!

As the afternoon wore on he came upon a lovely strip of country with a pleasant brook and broad meadows. It was better than any land he had seen during the forenoon, so he wanted to take in as much of that as he could.

THE GREEDY MAN

He swung out in a wide circle taking in a large tract of land, and hurried on all the faster. The sun was now beginning to set and in order to inclose all this land before sunset he must hurry on still more.

There came a pain in his side and he felt his heart beating wildly, but he said to himself, "It's only a little further now, and I shall have time to rest later when all this land will be mine." He felt dizzy but he hurried on still faster. Finally, just as the sun was setting behind a low hill he drew near the starting point. He had encircled the land. He was to be henceforth a rich man. But just as he reached the goal he fell dead. He had tried to do too much. His greed had killed him. So they buried him beside the goal-post as a warning against covetousness.

That is usually what happens in one form or another to greedy people. I don't mean they will all drop dead. But they usually try to get too much, and so lose what they have.

I once knew a little boy who went with his father and mother to visit his grandfather and grandmother. At dinner, when the pie

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

was served he noticed that he didn't have as large a piece as the grown-ups. So the corners of his mouth drooped away down, and he began to sulk. His grandmother saw it, and said to him, "Isn't your pie large enough for you, dear?" He said, "No." His grandmother came and took his piece and went off to the pantry. The boy smiled, thinking that his grandmother was going to bring back a nice large piece. But when she came back she had no pie at all! She punished him for his greediness. That was a lesson to him to be content with what he had.

The Bible tells about a wicked King who was not contented with the land that he had. He wanted a vineyard belonging to a man named Naboth. And so the King had Naboth killed in order to get his land. Then God caused the King also to be killed for his greediness. He got the land, but it cost him his life. The Kaiser and the German people had a beautiful country, full of rich fields and vineyards, but they were greedy for the lands of France and Belgium. They killed a great many people to get these lands, and now they

THE GREEDY MAN

have lost much of their own land for their greediness.

One of the Commandments says "Thou shalt not covet." No greedy boy or girl can be happy and contented. If you find that you are always wanting more than you have and coveting the things other people have you had better pray to God to take away this greedy spirit. It is sinful and will only bring you sorrow.

XXXV

"DUMP NO RUBBISH HERE"

VERY often as I go around town I see a sign on a piece of vacant land which reads like this:

"DUMP NO RUBBISH HERE."

The sign has been put up by the owner and it tells the public that he does not want ashes, tin cans, old shoes, and other rubbish dumped upon his lot. It spoils the looks of the land and is apt to breed disease. So you see it is both unsightly and dangerous. I have often thought that it would be a fine thing if boys and girls had a sign like that put up to warn others from dumping all sorts of rubbish into their minds.

Children's minds are like a fair meadow if they are as God intended they should be. They are clean and tidy with beautiful flowers of thought growing upon them. But some day there comes along some other boy or girl who

"DUMP NO RUBBISH HERE"

has heard an unclean story somewhere and he isn't content until he has dumped it into some other child's mind like some foul heap of rubbish to fester and breed all sorts of unhealthy thoughts and feelings.

Or there is some other child who has heard a story against some other boy or girl, and he dumps that on the other child's mind, and it makes a great ugly heap of rubbish there and kills the flowers of beautiful thoughts beneath it. Sometimes it's a bad habit that is told to another child. Sometimes it is a bad picture. It does not make much difference what it is, if it is dumped into the mind it mars its beauty and kills the flowers.

I wish every boy and girl would have the courage to say to another who brings such things, "Dump No Rubbish Here," and walk away. If they did there would not be so much of this rubbish carted around town and littering up the minds of the children.

Paul said, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." That is another way of saying that if you allow people and bad books and moving-pictures to dump all kinds of rub-

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

bish into your minds you will soon show it in your actions and talk. You can't have rubbish on your mind without people knowing it, even though they cannot see your mind.

Remember the motto. Keep your minds clean. Put up your sign, "*Dump No Rubbish Here.*"

XXXVI

THE SALUTE

ALL boys and girls are interested in soldiers. Whenever a company of soldiers march by you will find boys and girls lining the sidewalks to see them. I suppose that is why the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts are so popular. Everyone likes to wear a uniform.

I want to speak to the children to-day about an army custom which to me is a very interesting and beautiful thing. It is the salute.

I'm sure you have often seen soldiers salute their officers, and officers salute one another. The salute consists in raising the right hand to the hat. But have you ever thought where the salute came from?

If you had lived hundreds of years ago in Europe you would have seen very different kinds of soldiers from those you see to-day. Some of the soldiers in those days were called Knights. They used to dress in uniforms made

XXXVII

GOLDFISHES AND TADPOLES

I WAS calling on a lady the other day and she showed me some beautiful goldfishes which she had in a glass globe in her dining-room window. I noticed that one of the fishes had lost part of his tail-fin. How do you suppose it happened?

The lady said that she had had some tadpoles in the globe with the goldfishes and that a friend of hers had warned her that when the tadpoles began to turn into frogs they would begin to eat off the tails of the goldfishes. And surely enough they did try it! So she had to get rid of the tadpoles.

Now, you see the tadpoles were all right while they were tadpoles. But the trouble was they didn't always remain tadpoles. They grew up. And when they grew up they got dangerous.

That is just the way with a great many

GOLDFISHES AND TADPOLES

things in this world. They are all right so far. You have all heard the story of the man who allowed his camel to put its nose inside of his tent. And finally the camel got its whole body in, and drove its master out. It was all right as far as its nose. But it did not stop there.

I read as a boy the story of a man who had a lion's cub of which he was very fond. The cub was also fond of his master, and used to sleep in his chamber at night. But as time passed the cub grew into a half-grown lion, and one morning before his master awoke he was licking his hand. Presently the rough tongue of the beast drew blood, and as soon as he tasted that he sprang with a terrible roar upon his owner, who drew a revolver from under his pillow and shot the animal dead. You see the lion was all right as a *little* lion. But it grew up, just as the tadpoles did.

There are little wrong things which boys and girls do which grow up very quickly like tadpoles and lions. Children sometimes get up cross in the morning, and they are quarrelsome with their brothers and sisters, and they

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

think, "Oh, well, I'll become sweet-tempered when I get to school." But by the time they get to school they have been ill-tempered so long that they cannot stop. The little ill-temper of the morning has grow up and eaten them up by school-time.

Of course no boy ever expects to be a thief or a drunkard. And no girl ever expects to be a disobedient daughter who will cause sorrow and shame to her parents. But the only way to prevent these things is to stop them firmly at the start. If you don't they will grow up on you so fast that they will devour you. I heard a saying not long ago about drinking. It ran like this: "First, the man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, then the drink takes the man." It is hard to stop a flexible flyer on a steep hill. If you don't want to get hurt you had better stop *before* you start.

Look out for the beginning of wrong things. Don't let these little tadpoles grow into frogs or these little lion's cubs into lions. You will wake up too late. The mischief will have been done.

XXXVIII

CRANKS AND SELF-STARTERS

THERE are many kinds of automobiles to-day, but the chief difference between them is the fact that some of them are self-starters and others must be cranked to set the engine going. A self-starting automobile is one in which you press your foot on a lever and the engine starts. If an automobile is not a self-starter someone must get out in front of it and turn a crank until the engine begins to work by itself.

Boys and girls are very much like automobiles in this way. Some children are self-starters, and others must have someone else to get them started. And they usually think that the person who keeps after them to get them started is cranky. Here is a boy whose mother calls him in the morning and tells him it is time to get up, and he says, "Yes, I'm going to get up." His mother goes downstairs about her work, and the boy turns over and goes to sleep again. In fifteen minutes his mother

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

comes up and calls him again, and he says: "Yes, I'm going to get right up." But as soon as his mother goes away, he drops off to sleep again. The next time his mother comes up to call him she is cross. She is what the boy calls cranky. Well, now let me tell you, boys and girls, that when a child is not a self-starter there must be a crank somewhere to get him started.

A child who is a self-starter is much more of a comfort to his parents and teachers than a child that has to be cranked up every time he is to do anything. A self-starter is a boy who when his mother calls him in the morning hops right out of bed without any further urging. A girl who is a self-starter is one who gets herself dressed and ready for school on time. She doesn't trot off down the street with her shoe-laces trailing on the sidewalk and her hair tousled like the girl who has to be cranked up all the while.

I am going to give you a rule which will help you to be self-starters. It is this: Always do the disagreeable things first, and do them right away.

XXXIX

PINCH HITTERS

IN nearly all big baseball teams there is usually a man who is known as a "pinch hitter." He is so called because usually when the score is close and a good batter is needed to bring in a score the team can depend upon this man to make a hit. In this way he helps the team that is in a pinch. I should think that the pinch hitter would feel good to know that the team could depend on him. It must be a fine thing to be a good pinch hitter.

But there are other places in life where a person can be a good pinch hitter as well as in baseball. When at school the boys and girls have become restless and unruly it is very hard on the teacher, and tires her out to have the pupils so hard to manage. If, in a time like that, a boy says to himself, "The teacher is in a pinch this morning and I'm not going to add to the trouble but will just behave

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

myself," that boy becomes a pinch hitter. He helps to bring the room through to better order and gives courage to the teacher.

If, at home, when mother has had a hard day, with a cross baby or an extra lot of work, a girl says to herself, "Mother has had a hard day. I can see that she is tired. Now instead of running off to play after school I will stay home and mind the baby or help with the work," that girl becomes a pinch hitter at home. She helps the home to score a success.

You have no idea how much happiness it will give you young people just to make yourselves a help instead of a hindrance when people around you get into a tight place. And I am sure you will never be able to tell how much people admire and depend upon the pinch hitters in the world.

I once heard of a soldier under Napoleon who, when the war was going against his army and the soldiers were hungry and ragged and tired, came to the door of Napoleon's tent cleanly shaved, his clothes brushed and his shoes polished. It struck Napoleon so forcibly and pleased him so, that he complimented the

PINCH HITTERS

man on it, and felt greater courage to fight. That man was a real pinch hitter. Instead of complaining about the lack of food and of being tired with marching and fighting he just put up the best appearance possible, and everyone who saw him was helped by it.

Be a pinch hitter. Be a help, not a hindrance. Everyone likes the pinch hitter, but gets tired of the person who frets and complains.

XL

THE BOY AND THE BIRD

I WANT to tell the boys and girls to-day a story of a little boy in far-off Russia, and how he learned to be kind to dumb animals, and then I want you to preach the sermon to yourselves. This boy later grew to be a great novelist and when you grow up you will probably read some of his writings. His name is Turgenieff.

"When Turgenieff was a boy of ten his father took him out one day bird-shooting. As they tramped across the brown stubble, a golden pheasant rose with a low whirl from the ground at his feet, and, with the joy of a sportsman throbbing through his veins, he raised his gun and fired, wild with excitement when the creature fell fluttering at his side. Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of the mother was stronger than death itself, and with a feeble flutter of her wings the mother bird reached the nest where her young brood

THE BOY AND THE BIRD

were huddled, unconscious of the danger. Then, with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin he had wrought—and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of cruelty and guilt that came to him in that moment—the little brown head toppled over, and only the dead body of the mother shielded her nestlings.

“‘Father, Father,’ he cried, ‘what have I done?’ as he turned his horror-stricken face to his father. But not to his father’s eye had the little tragedy been enacted, and he said: ‘Well done, my son; that was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman.’

“‘Never, father; never again shall I destroy any living creature. If that is sport I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death, and since I cannot give life, I will not take it.’ ”

A true sportsman, boys and girls, is one who believes in fair play. And I want to ask you whether you are giving fair play to some defenseless creature when you go out with a club or a gun and kill it just for the sake of killing it.

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

of steel. Even their faces were covered with steel. There were little bars of steel through which they looked out. This armor covered the faces of the Knights so completely that you could not tell who was on the inside of the armor. And it was from wearing this uniform, I am told, that the custom of saluting came. I read this about the salute in an army magazine the other day.

"The salute is said to have had its origin in the ancient custom among friendly Knights of raising the visor in their meetings in order that each might see the face of the other. It was difficult to recognize a man encased, body and face, in steel; then, too, the natural desire of men to look into the face of a friend might have had something to do with the beginning of the custom. The present-day raising of the hand to the headdress is but a continuation of this old knightly custom; it has remained as the form of greeting between military men in all civilized armies—the greeting of friendly Knights."

And so, you see, the soldiers of those olden times lifted up their masks of steel to let

THE SALUTE

others see that they were friends. And we follow the same custom to-day in the army and in the scouts. It is a greeting between friends. There is nothing that makes one feel so kindly toward another as a friendly salute. I like to see a boy raise his hat to women and older people. It tells me that he is a genuine descendant of those old steel-clad Knights of other days who went out to protect women, children and old age. It is the mark of a gentleman and a soldier. Don't be ashamed of it. The truly great people are always courteous. No boy or girl can grow to greatness unless he is courteous and respectful to others.

Paul tells us to "salute the brethren." It is good advice. It makes life happier, it makes the day sunnier; it makes the world a friendlier place. Be a Knight in this twentieth century. Salute the brethren.

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

crossly, replying every once in a while with a sulky, petulant bark. So busy was he having his own way that I got within a few yards of him. And then how he flew! 'Mamma was right after all!'

Isn't that just like some boys and girls you know? I guess all children are alike, whether they are Zebra children or human children. They all want their own way, and they all think they know better than their parents. When their parents warn them of danger they get so cross and sulky, like this baby Zebra, that they don't think about what their parents are saying. They don't see why their parents won't let them do some things or why they insist that they shall do other things. This baby Zebra didn't see any need of hurrying, and I suppose he thought his mother was very foolish and cross. And then he saw it all in a flash. His mother was right. The hunter could have shot him if he had wished to or caught him and carried him away into captivity. That is just the way with young people sooner or later. They usually wake up to find their father and mother were right after all. If you could see

THE BABY ZEBRA

things as your father and mother see them you would not think they were so strict or cross. I remember a poem that I read in an old school reader which ran something like this:

"Once a trap was baited with a piece of cheese,
It tickled little mousie so it almost made him
sneeze.

'There's danger,' said the old one, 'be careful where you go.'

'Nonsense,' said the young one, 'don't you think I know!'

Closed the trap together, snapped as quick
as wink,

Catching mousie fast there, because he didn't
think!"

No child will go very far wrong who does what his parents tell him. Most of the boys and girls who get into trouble come there because they thought their parents were strict or old-fashioned, 'or cross. They woke up, like the baby Zebra and the mouse, to find that their parents were right after all.

XLII

THE DREAM BOY

I HEARD the other day of a boy who met another on the street, and said: "Gee, Bill, wouldn't it be great if a feller was as good as his mother thinks he is!"

It would be great, wouldn't it? Your mother thinks other boys may lie, but her boy would not lie; other boys may steal, but her boy would not steal; other boys may cheat, but her boy would not cheat.

The neighbors may tell your mother about things that you have done, but she will hardly believe it, even when you own up that you did it. The fact is, your mother is carrying around in her heart a sort of dream boy. If you could see the picture of this boy he would look quite a little, though not exactly, like yourself. He would look just enough like you for there to be something of a family resemblance, and yet he would have your real

THE DREAM BOY

name. Of course you know that you are a better boy, away down deep in your heart, than some of your neighbors think you are. And you know you are not as good a boy as your mother believes you to be. The boy that you really are is somewhere between the two.

But I want to say to you boys that the dream-boy whose picture your mother carries in her heart is nearer right than the picture some of your neighbors have of you. This is because your mother pictures you as the boy you *might* be. And the fine part of it all is you *can* be as good as your mother thinks you to be.

Now how can you do that? It is very simple. When you are tempted to do something wrong just ask yourself whether the fellow your mother thinks you to be would do a thing like that, and if he wouldn't, then don't do it. If you will just try each day to be the fellow your mother thinks you to be I will trust you anywhere, in any sort of temptation. You won't go far wrong.

XLIII

NO SURRENDER!

NOT long ago I met one of the most delightful old gentlemen it has ever been my good fortune to meet. He was finely educated, had traveled a great deal, was an interesting talker, and yet he was very modest and very humble. Best of all he was a very enthusiastic Christian. It was just like going into warm spring sunshine to be with him. It made you blossom out!

During our Civil War he was a Colonel in the Confederate Army, which fought against the North. His name is Colonel Charles H. Olmstead, and I want to tell you something about him. He was in charge of Fort Pulaski, on the coast of Georgia. One day he received the following letter from David Hunter, a Major-General in the Union Army.

NO SURRENDER!

Headquarters, Department of the South,
Tyler Island, Georgia, April 10, 1862.
To the Commanding Officer, Fort Pulaski.

Sir: I hereby demand of you the immediate surrender and restoration of Fort Pulaski to the authority and possession of the United States. This demand is made with a view of avoiding, if possible, the effusion of blood which must result from the bombardment and attack now in readiness to be opened. The number, calibre, and completeness of the batteries surrounding you leave no doubt as to what must result in case of refusal; and as the defense, however obstinate, must eventually succumb to the assailing force at my disposal, it is hoped you will see fit to avert the useless waste of life. This communication will be carried to you under a flag of truce by Lieutenant J. H. Wilson, United States Army, who is authorized to wait any period not exceeding thirty minutes from delivery, for your answer.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

DAVID HUNTER,
Major-General Commanding.

This was the reply which Colonel Olmstead made:

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

Headquarters, Fort Pulaski,

April 10, 1862.

Major-General David Hunter,

Commanding on Tyler Island.

Sir: I have to acknowledge receipt of your communication of this date, demanding the unconditional surrender of Fort Pulaski. In reply I can only say, that I am here to defend the Fort, not to surrender it.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES H. OLMSTEAD,

Colonel First Volunteer Regiment of Georgia
Commanding Post.

The attack began at once, and Colonel Olmstead was forced to withdraw, but that does not make much difference to the story. Whether a man like that was defeated or not you must honor his spirit: "I am here to defend the Fort, not to surrender it." That is the thing I want you to remember about his reply. God has given to every boy and girl a fort to defend. John Bunyan called it The City of Mansoul. Some call it the heart. Whatever name you give it does not matter. You will be tempted to surrender your conscience. You

NO SURRENDER!

will be laughed at for standing by your colors. You will be told that you can't hold out. You will feel that you had better not keep on in a losing fight. Remember this motto: "The Guard dies, it never surrenders."

But it makes no difference, boys and girls, whether you are defeated or not, the thing for you to do is to put up the stiffest fight possible. You are here to *defend* the fort, not to *surrender it*. If a thing is right, that is all you need to know. Then stand by it to the last ditch. Make your motto, like Colonel Olmstead, "No Surrender." Then if after you have fought hard you must give up, there is no disgrace in that. Defeat is not disgrace; the disgrace is not to have tried.

XLIV

THE WAY OF THE CROSS

I DO not need to tell the children here what the cross means. You all know that it was on a cross Christ was crucified by Roman soldiers just outside of Jerusalem.

That was many hundreds of years ago. We do not put people to death now by nailing them to a tree. The world has grown kinder since the times in which Christ lived.

And yet, we have not got beyond the days of the cross. Christ says: "He that would be my disciple, let him take up his cross daily and follow me." And so you see everyone has to go by the way of the cross. Christ had to do it to save the world. You and I must do it still.

As I was traveling on the train the other day I noticed how the telegraph poles were all in the shape of a cross. In order that telegrams may come to us even to-day they must

THE WAY OF THE CROSS

go by the way of the cross—miles and miles of telegraph poles shaped like a cross. It means that someone must stay up all night long in order to be ready to take the message that may come to us as a "night letter" next morning. The news that comes to us in the morning paper comes to us in the same way. Someone has been bearing a cross, by sitting up all night to get the news flashed across the wires. That is only one way in which we are still going by the way of the cross. It is right before your eyes, so that you can see it every day if you look for it. There are other ways of the cross that we cannot see so plainly.

If a boy or girl would become a good musician he must go by way of the cross. He must practice many dreary hours. It is a cross to have to do it. It is the same if one would become wise. The way of the cross is the only way to it. It means study, study, study. It is not pleasant. It is a cross.

And that is why, it seems to me, Christ came into the world to die on a cross. He came to teach us all that beautiful and high things can only be won by way of a cross. And He came

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

to be an example to boys and girls when they have hard things to do. He came to encourage us by His example on the cross, and to tell us that even He could not escape it.

The food you eat, the clothes you wear, the books you read, the pictures you look at, the house you live in, the coal that heats it—all these things came to you by way of the cross. Someone had to work hard in dangerous and difficult places to get them for you. It is God's way, it is Christ's way, it is the Christian way. In avoiding the hard things of life you are shirking the cross, and in shirking the cross you are running away from Christ, and in running away from Christ you are losing God. There is no other way to be great, or good, or wise, or happy, excepting by way of the cross. Don't dodge it. Don't shirk it. For you will have to face it sooner or later.

XLV

THE COMPLAINT DESK

IN large stores there is a desk behind which sits a person who receives the complaints of customers about the goods they have bought or the way they have been treated by the clerks or the slowness of the delivery of goods. In fact everyone who has a fault to find goes to the Complaint Desk. I am told that the people behind the Complaint Desks in these stores soon get to be very cross-looking, and nearly always wear a frown. No matter how sunny or good-natured they may have been before they got the position on the Complaint Desk, they lose it all.

If that is so, and I should not be amazed if it were, what do you suppose is the reason for it? I think I know. The frown on the face of the person behind the Complaint Desk is just the reflection of the people who come there with their scowls and complaints. We nearly

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

always give back to people what they give to us.

If you want to get smiles from people, then wear a smile on your own face. If you wear a frown you will be pretty sure to get a frown in return.

I once read of a little boy who was out on a hillside one day, and he shouted "Hello," and an echo across the valley shouted back "Hello." He had never heard an echo before, so he thought someone was mocking him. That made him angry, and he shouted, "I don't like you." Back came the echo "Don't like you." Just then his mother came along, and he told her that there was a naughty boy across the valley who said he didn't like him. His mother understood. She said shout over to him and tell him you like him. So he shouted "I like you." Back came the echo, "Like you." The boy smiled. Then his mother told him that the voice across the valley was just his own voice coming back to him, and that it brought back exactly what he shouted across.

It is always that way in the world, girls and boys, the world gives back what you give

THE COMPLAINT DESK

it. If you go about saying to people with looks or words "I don't like you," the same looks and words will come back to you. Other people are largely looking-glasses showing what you are. The Bible says, "If a man would have friends he must show himself friendly." Don't appoint yourself to a position behind the Complaint Desk, or you'll soon catch the frown on other people's faces. Remember the echo, whose lesson is, we get what we give.

XLVI

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

I AM sure every boy and girl here this morning has seen the dog and the talking-machine. It shows a small fox-terrier dog looking into the horn of a talking-machine, with one ear pricked up, listening to the voice within the machine. The advertisement tells us that the voice he hears is that of his master. So the title of the picture is "His Master's Voice."

I want to take that as the text of my children's sermon this morning. "His Master's Voice." Did you ever think that inside of each of us, just as inside of that talking-machine in the picture, there is a voice that speaks? Yes, dozens of voices. And we must pick out of those voices the one which is our Master's voice.

The Bible says, "Know ye not that his ye are whom ye serve?" That means that whatever voice we listen to on the inside of us

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

becomes our Master's voice for us. Selfishness is on the inside of us. And when we would do a generous deed or an unselfish act, it says, "Better not, what good is it going to do you? What are you going to get back for doing that kindness. It doesn't pay." If you listen to that voice and act on that advice selfishness becomes your master, and the next time his voice will be stronger still.

If, on the other hand, when you are tempted to be unkind or selfish, Love speaks up and says: "Better do that little courtesy. Of course you don't *have* to do it, you can keep what you have to yourself, but you will shrivel up on the inside if you do," and you will listen to the voice of Love and do as her voice tells you to do, then Love becomes your master.

The strongest voice on the inside of us is what we call conscience. Some people call it the voice of God. It does not matter much what you call it, it is a good voice to listen to. It acts something like this: We will say you ask your mother if you may have a piece of candy out of the box in the nursery, and she says, "Yes, but take only one piece." When

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

you get to the box and nobody is looking, a voice on the inside of you says, "Take two, she'll never find it out." But another voice says, "No, she trusted you to take only one. Better be fair about it, and don't act a lie." And you just take one piece, and you feel comfortable on the inside, because you have done right. You have listened to the voice of conscience. It has become your master.

You see, you can listen to whatever voice you please, and the voice whose suggestion you act upon becomes your master.

When Jesus was a little boy only twelve years of age He heard God talking to Him in the temple, and when His parents found Him He said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" He always listened to the voice of God and acted upon it. That is why we love Him and worship Him in churches to-day. His Father's voice was the Master's Voice for Him. You can do no better than to listen to God's voice as He did.

XLVII

THE AMERICAN EAGLE

I WONDER how many of the boys and girls in my congregation this morning have ever thought what the American Eagle means. Nearly every country has an emblem. Great Britain is represented by a lion; Russia, by a bear; France, by a rooster; Germany, by a double eagle. I might go on and mention many others. But I want to talk to you about our own emblem, the American Eagle.

The reason why I want to talk to you about the American Eagle is because it has a religious meaning. Let me read you something I found in a newspaper the other day telling why our forefathers chose the eagle as our symbol. It says: "A potent reason for the selection of the eagle was a religious one. Many of the early American colonists believed their coming to America to be due to the direct intervention of Providence, and that they were, while here, being led and cared for by the Almighty. They often compared themselves to the children of Israel in the wilderness. The Bible was in every household and it was

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

read and discussed by the deeply religious settlers, not only in New England but elsewhere in the colonies. They knew it better than any other book, and turned to it for guidance in their daily life. No doubt this influenced the first committee, consisting of Franklin, Jefferson and Adams, who selected the great seal, because they impressed upon the device itself, which they reported, this feeling and belief of the American colonists, that they were like the children of Israel wandering in the wilderness and led by God himself, and if they were obedient to His commands would meet with His favor. On one side of this seal which this committee proposed is a representation of the children of Israel in the wilderness led by a cloud, and from this it is easy to trace the connection of the emblem of the eagle and its adoption by the committee, which subsequently approved of it. Reference is made to "Exodus" to enable us to understand the substitution of the eagle as an emblem instead of the cloud, which it is said Jefferson was responsible for on the seal. The following verse explains the connection: "Ye

THE AMERICAN EAGLE

have seen what I did unto the Egyptians and how I bore you on eagles' wings and brought you unto myself; now, therefore, if you will obey my voice indeed and keep my covenant then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people; for all the earth is mine."

And so, you see, our forefathers chose the eagle to remind them and their children that just as God had led the children of Israel through the desert and lifted them up, as on eagles' wings, above their enemies, so He had led the Pilgrim Fathers across the sea and had helped the colonists to defeat Great Britain when she threatened to take away their liberties.

It is a good emblem and it is well to keep in mind that it speaks to us of the protection of God. Nations need God's protection, just as individuals do. I hope that when you see the American Eagle stamped upon money or perched upon the top of a flag-standard you will think of the motto back of it, "In God We Trust." And when you pray for God to protect you, ask Him also to defend our dear country for which the eagle stands.

XLVIII

COPY-CAT!

YOU all know what the word "Copy-Cat" means. Someone does a thing, and then the Copy-cat imitates it. It doesn't take much brains to be a copy-cat. That is why we do not think a great deal of people who only imitate others.

There are different kinds of copy-cats. Some copy other's clothes; some, their talk; some, their ways; some, their ideas. We should never have fashions if we had not so many copy-cats in the world. For you know, of course, that there are copy-cats amongst grown-ups as well as children.

Like everything else in the world, there are good and bad copy-cats. Children would never learn to walk or talk or skate if they did not see others doing these things and copy them. There is also what we call hero-worship, which is another kind of copy-cat activity that is

COPY-CAT!

very good. A boy or a girl takes a good man or a noble woman as his model and tries to be like that person. The result is he becomes like his model. You remember the story of the slovenly Italian girl who was struck with the statue of a beautiful woman in the city where she lived, and how she copied her method of doing her hair and the way she dressed until she became like her.

You will read some day, I hope, Hawthorne's story of *The Great Stone Face*, which tells how a boy became noble by studying the features of that rocky profile in the White Mountains. Why, that is what being a Christian means, isn't it? It means to copy after Christ.

Yes, that sort of copy-cat is very good.

But I'm sure Christ would be the last one to tell us that we must be all exactly alike, with no ideas or individuality of our own. The Bible says that the spirit of God brings out different gifts in His children, so that there are "some teachers, some preachers, some apostles, some evangelists." God likes variety. Do you know why fashions go out so

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

quickly? It is because there are so many copy-cats doing the same thing that every copy-cat gets tired of seeing other copy-cats just like her. In other words, copy-cats tire of copy-cats! That is why some stores tell you that they have "exclusive patterns" of goods for dresses and suits. Only a few can get them. The copy-cats are shut out.

The worst thing about a copy-cat is, that he is *only* a copy-cat. There isn't much on the inside of a copy-cat usually. Such people never have much influence. It is the boy or girl, or man or woman, who has ideas of his own and isn't afraid to be different who becomes a leader. You never yet heard of a great reformer like Lincoln who was a copy-cat. Why do you suppose God made the world so full of different kinds of trees and flowers and birds and animals? It was because he knew His children would grow tired of seeing everything copied on the same plan. You would not care for a flower-garden that had only one kind of flower, would you? Well, a world full of copy-cats wouldn't be any more interesting than a garden of that sort.

COPY-CAT!

Be yourself, not someone' else. God meant you to be you. Copy others if you must, but have some ideas all your own. Don't be a little pocket-edition of anyone else, no matter how great that person is.

XLIX

MR. FACING BOTHWAYS

IF you ever read John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" you will find a great many interesting people in the book. Their names sound very quaint and old-fashioned in our ears to-day. But the name described exactly the person who had it. There was Mr. Hopeful. You would know right away that he would be a cheery, optimistic sort of man who would be a good companion. Then there was Mr. Fearsome. You would naturally expect him to be a timid little man who was always afraid something terrible was going to happen and ready to turn back as soon as he discovered any difficulty or danger in the road to the Celestial City.

But there is another character in the book whom I want to talk about this morning. It is Mr. Facing Bothways. As soon as you hear the name you know what sort of man is meant. He is a two-faced man. When we say a person is two-faced, we mean that he is deceitful. We think of a person who is one

MR. FACING BOTHWAYS

thing to your face and another thing behind your back. The Greeks had a special God for two-faced people. His name was Janus, and he was pictured as having two faces on one head, looking in opposite directions. One of the months in the year is named after him. It is the Janus-month, or January. January looks backward and forward, to the old year and the new.

Now, I'm sorry to say that there are a great many boys and girls who are like Mr. Facing Bothways. We call them hypocrites. A hypocrite is a person who puts on a face, like an actor, and pretends to be one thing, while all the time he is something else.

It is both wrong and foolish to be a two-faced person. Christ was very bitter about hypocrites. He called the Pharisees hypocrites, and would have nothing to do with them. Every hypocrite cuts himself off from God, because God cannot love a person who is deceitful. A deceitful person injures his friends. God said of some people, "Because they are neither hot nor cold I will spew them out of my mouth."

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

But a two-faced person is foolish, as well as wicked, because by his two-facedness he cuts himself off from people. People will find him out sometime. He's sure to get caught. Let me tell you a story to show what I mean. It's a fable. Once upon a time there was a great war between the birds and mice. Each tried to kill the other. The bat, which looked like a mouse, but flew like a bird, tried to pretend he was a friend of both. When he was with the birds, he would say he belonged to the birds. But when he was with mice, he would say he belonged with the mice. One day, however, the birds and mice both caught him and they joined together and killed him because he had tried to deceive them both.

A two-faced person is like that bat. He is sure to get caught sometime. Paul tells us not to be double-minded, because we shall be unstable in all our ways. That is, we shall be first on one side, then the other. Be frank, be honest. Say what you think no matter which side you are on. Show your colors. Don't be a Mr. Facing Bothways.

L

THE GIFT

DURING the great Civil War in our country there was a Catholic priest who served as a chaplain, that is a sort of minister, to some of the Confederate troops, the troops who fought for the South against the North.

This priest was a little short man who was very untidy about his clothes. He wore a black suit, like most ministers wear, and it became very much worn by the hard usage it got. It was shiny and torn and had food stains all over the front of it.

But he was a very big-hearted priest. He loved his men and did everything he could to comfort and help them. The men were very fond of him, in spite of his queer ways and his dirty clothes. So they got together and raised money to buy him a new suit. When the suit arrived in camp they quietly crept into his room one night while he slept and stole away his old suit, leaving the new

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

one where he would see it when he awoke in the morning. He was very much pleased with his new suit, and the men were very happy over his appreciation.

Not many days after that a Confederate soldier came into camp almost naked. He had escaped from a prison-camp and had wandered many miles through woods and swamps, wading streams and swimming rivers.

The next morning after he arrived in camp the soldiers were astonished to see the priest with his old suit on again. They asked him what he had done with the new suit. He said he had given it to the soldier who had just come in. Then they asked him why he had not given the man his old suit. The priest's answer was very beautiful. He said, "When I give in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, only the best is good enough."

The priest was right. Sometimes we think that anything is good enough to give away. Why, once I heard of a woman who gave some clothes to be sent in a church missionary barrel to a missionary, and she cut off all the buttons before she sent them in! Think of

THE GIFT

that! Do you suppose she would have done that if she had stopped to think that she was giving them to Christ when she gave them to one of His servants? She would not do such a thing if she were giving them to Christ, personally. She had no right to do such a thing to one of His brethren.

And would it not make a great deal of difference in our missionary contributions if we remembered that we were really giving to Christ, Himself. We would not give Him the few pennies we have left, after we have spent all we want for candy, theatres, clothes, and so on. Then we should not give that way to His servants. Do you remember what Christ said about giving? He said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." That should be our motto in giving unto Christ. The priest was right. The best is none too good for Christ, who has given His very life for us.

LI

GOD'S SERVICE FLAG

WE all know what the service flags in the windows of our homes and outside our churches and public buildings mean. Each star in that red flag stands for someone who has gone into service for his country. A little boy who was waiting for a street-car with his father and mother in a drug store a few evenings ago suddenly caught sight of a very bright star in the sky, and exclaimed, "Oh, Mamma, God has His service-flag out, too. See, there's one star in it!" The people who were standing round laughed, and someone patted the boy gently on the head, and told him he was right.

Don't you think it was a very beautiful idea? And the little chap *was* right, too. God has a Son in service, just as many parents in town have. And when Christ left His home

GOD'S SERVICE FLAG

in Heaven to come away, way off to this earth, God hung a star in the sky. Don't you remember how the story runs? It says that Wise Men came from the East following a very bright star, until it stood over the manger where the young child lay. That was the star in God's service flag.

Christ gave up more to serve His fellowmen than any United States soldier or sailor can do. Christ gave up Heaven, and was crucified at the end of it. Don't you think God has a right to a service-flag when He gave such a Son as that? And, so, whenever you children see a service-flag in a window, with its one or more stars in it, or when you see God's evening star shine out at night, I want you to think of God's Gift of a Son to serve the world.

LII

SANTA CLAUS' FAVORITE

I SUPPOSE that none of the boys and girls in my Junior Congregation ever thought that Santa Claus had favorites. We usually think of him as loving all boys and girls alike. I am sure that he does love all boys and girls. But I am also sure that he must love some more than others.

I asked a little girl the other day what she wanted Santa Claus to bring her for Christmas and she said, "Whatever Santa Claus brings me that's what I want." If Santa Claus had heard her say that I know he would have been very happy and loved her a great deal for it.

And, besides, I know she is going to be very happy on Christmas morning with what she finds in her little stocking and on the tree. For you see what she finds there is what she wants. She has made up her mind to that.

SANTA CLAUS' FAVORITE

She will be much happier than some boy who does not find the particular make of skates there that he has asked for, or some girl whose Christmas doll isn't dressed the way she wanted it to be, and pouts because of disappointment.

That little girl was a very wise little girl, although she is only four years old. She is wiser than many older boys and girls. Yes, wiser than some grown-up men and women. I wish we could take her words as a motto during the New Year, and say to ourselves, "Whatever the New Year brings me that is what I want."

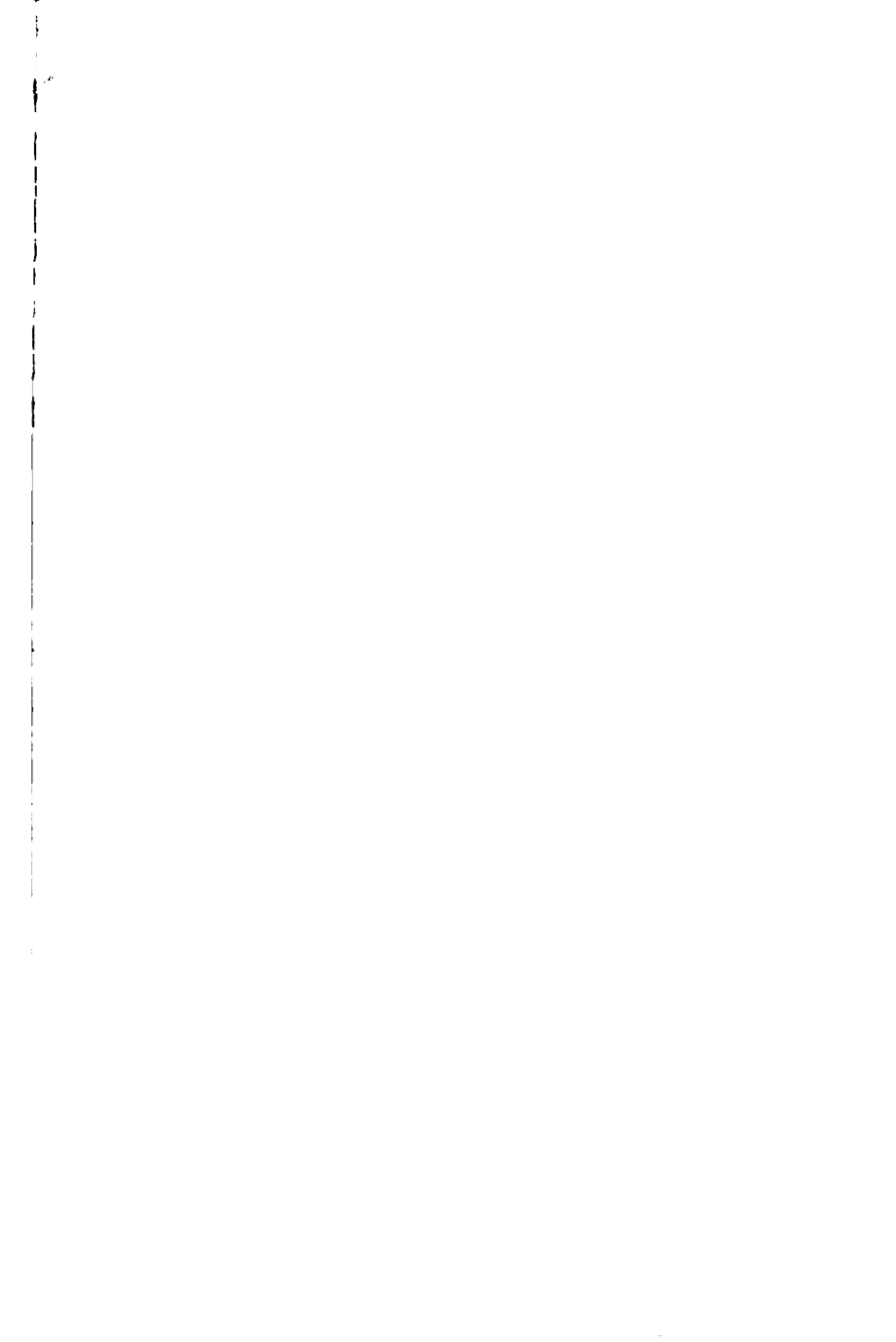
You have all heard of Saint Paul. He was a very good man and a very wise man as well. He didn't have a very easy time. He was beaten with rods, put into prison, driven out of cities where he went to preach. But Paul was happy in spite of all that! How do you suppose that came about? Paul gives us the secret. He says, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." In other words, Paul's motto was the same as the little girl's. It was this, "Whatever God

STORY SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

sends me, that's what I want." The sooner we learn that way of looking at life the happier we shall be. None of us gets everything he wants. But if we can think of the unpleasant, as well as the pleasant, things that come to us, as coming from God we shall be happier.

Christ said almost the same thing as Paul and the little girl. His motto was, "My meat and my drink is to do the will of Him that sent me." He was very dear to God because He took life that way.

And so if we want to be favorites with Santa Claus, with people, and with God we must learn to be happy with what we have.



1878

1879

1880

~~NOV 24 '58~~

~~MAR 24 '59~~

~~MAY 11 '59~~

~~MAY 13 '59~~

~~JUL 6 '55~~

~~NOV 29 '58~~

~~JAN 7 '59~~

~~DEC 4 '59~~

~~MAY 1 '61~~

~~MAY 1 '61~~

~~JUL 31 1982~~

